



A COLD CASE
2nd Draft Screenplay by
John Sayles
7/28/00

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

ANDY ROSENSWEIG, 45, dressed in a conservative suit, sits in the gallery of a packed COURTROOM. He is writing on a yellow LEGAL PAD as a PROSECUTOR examines a friendly WITNESS at the bench-

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)
And the defendant showed no remorse
over the demise of his good friend
and fellow--

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Objection!

JUDGE (O.S.)
Sustained.

We SUPERIMPOSE the TITLE-

JANUARY 1997

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)
I'll rephrase that.

LEGAL PAD

Andy is writing a list-

The Write Stuff

Novel Ideas

Books Unlimited

The Prose Garden

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)
How would you characterize the
defendant's mood in the hours after
the murder of Pio Castelamare?

WITNESS (O.S.)
When I observed him, the defendant
seemed- ebullient.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Your Honor-

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)
'Ebullient'. Thank you, no further
questions.

ANDY

Andy folds the legal pad, looks up-

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)
At this time we'd like to call Andrew
Rosenzweig.

CU PROSECUTOR

The Prosecutor stands sideways to the witness chair, vaguely looking toward the jury-

PROSECUTOR

State your name, please.

ANDY

Andy is sitting in the witness chair now-

ANDY

Andrew Rosenweig.

Andy looks around to make eye contact. The people in the gallery, the court officials, even the MOBSTER sitting at the defendants' table, all look bored by the proceedings-

PROSECUTOR

And you are currently employed-- ?

ANDY

As the chief investigator for the Manhattan District Attorney's office.

PROSECUTOR

And how were you employed in December of 1985?

ANDY

I was a detective detailed to a Special Task Force working with the OCCB.

PROSECUTOR

Can you describe the nature of your assignment on the afternoon of December 25th, 1985?

ANDY

It was Christmas Day, and I was stationed outside the Ravenite Social Club at 247 Mulberry Street-

PROSECUTOR

You were working on Christmas day?

ANDY (shrugs)

It was shortly after the Castalamare killing mentioned earlier, and we had been informed that there was going to be a meeting there. I tried to just kind of wander around outside, identify people as they arrived and see if I could overhear any of their conversation.

PROSECUTOR

Did you see the defendant on that day?

The Defendant is examining his manicure as Andy looks across to him-

ANDY

I did.

PROSECUTOR

And did you overhear anything he said before he entered the Club?

ANDY

The defendant was on his way in with an individual known as Jimmy Four-Eyes- James Quattrochio- and I heard him say, "Lookit em. Now the sonsabitches got to come to me."

DEFENDANT

The Mobster covers his mouth as he YAWNS-

COURTROOM - LATER

Recess. Lawyers, reporters and spectators mill around as the room empties. The Prosecutor catches up with Andy-

PROSECUTOR

Andy- thanks for coming by.

ANDY

How many times have I told that same story in court?

PROSECUTOR

My first kid was born the year I started on this case. He just had his bar mitzvah.

ANDY

The jury didn't look too enthusiastic.

PROSECUTOR

These crimes are getting stale. If it wasn't on TV last night it's hard for them maintain a sense of moral outrage. What I wouldn't give for twelve angry men.

ANDY

Or even mildly pissed-off.

The Prosecutor laughs. Andy looks across to where the expensively-dressed Defendant is joking with one of his Lawyers-

CLOSER - DEFENDANT

The Defendant sees Andy looking at him. He smirks, winks at Andy-

ANDY, PROSECUTOR

Andy turns away, disgusted-

ANDY

Just another chance to show off his wardrobe.

INT. MARUFFI'S BAR -DAY

We are in Maruffi's, where cops and lawyers pass the time before and after their appearances at the courthouse next door. Andy approaches the bar-

ANDY (to bartender)

Can I get a ginger ale, please?

NORMAN, an older detective, calls from a knot of guys hanging nearby-

NORMAN

Did I hear ginger ale?

ANDY

Hey, Norman-

NORMAN

What're you, the designated driver?

ANDY (shrugs)

I don't hit the stuff the way I used to.

NORMAN

Ought to be ashamed of yourself, Andy. We have a reputation to uphold.

ANDY

You know that saloon across from the Four One?

NORMAN

Rattigan's-

ANDY

Guy who owns that place also has three condos in Boca Raton. I must've bought him two of em. Gin and tonics.

NORMAN

Working the Bronx'll drive anybody to the sauce.

ANDY

You in on this RICO indictment?

NORMAN

Yeah. Every time they drag this guinea's ass in on another charge they got to drag mine in to testify. I busted him in '79 when he was hijacking out at JFK.

ANDY

Maybe it'll stick this time.

NORMAN

Hey, I hear you're leaving the fold-

ANDY (shrugs)

Gotta do it some day.

Norman shakes his head, indicates an OLD TIMER sitting in the corner alone, nursing a beer-

NORMAN

Some of the retired guys come in here. There's a few hellos from the ones that remember em, but after that they might as well be furniture.

Andy regards the old man, unsettled-

NORMAN

Course it helps if you've got a good hobby. Like drinking-

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot of the downtown building on a winter day-

INT. LOBBY - MANHATTAN DA'S OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY

Here's the guy you've got to talk to.

CHRIS DONAHUE, a young, innocent-looking paralegal, turns to watch as Andy strides past on his way into the building. TOMMY PON, a spiffily-dressed Investigator, points after him-

TOMMY

It doesn't matter who your uncle is,
who you've got juice with in the PD-
you want to be an investigator, you
got to go to Andy.

CHRIS

I was never in the PD-

TOMMY (ironic)

No kiddin?

ANDY

ASSISTANT DA's and INVESTIGATORS either greet or follow after
Andy with files as he hurries through the lobby-

ADA 1

Andy! I need a couple of your
people! Kapelner? The insurance
fraud?

ANDY

I've got three on it already.

ADA 1

Mr. Morgenthau has taken a special
interest in this-

ANDY

I'll see what I can do.

INVESTIGATOR 1

Andy! I hear you're leaving us-

ANDY

That's the rumor.

ADA 2

Andy? We're going to trial on the
warehouse theft-

ANDY

Congratulations.

ADA 2

Our key witness is looking a little
shaky.

ANDY

The accountant?

ADA 2

Could you put somebody on him?

ANDY

I'll have Wallace check him out.

INVESTIGATOR 2

Andy! Countin the days, huh?

ANDY

Not too many left.

ADA 3 (brusque)

Hey, what's the story with my arson?

ANDY

Which arson are we talking about?

ADA 3

Brooklyn? Pakistani restaurant?

ANDY

Just waiting on forensics.

ADA 3

I should remind you that Mr. Morgenthau is extremely interested-

ANDY

Phil Merrillo is on that, right? If he needs any more people he'll ask me.

He ducks into the sanctuary of the ELEVATOR. Another Investigator awaits him there-

INVESTIGATOR 3

Hey Andy- I heard you're going civilian on us.

ANDY (whispers)

Shhhh! It's a secret.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy steps inside his modest office. Both phones are ringing. He ignores them for a moment, steps to the WALL CALENDAR-

CU CALENDAR

Andy flips through the months. He stops in July. On the square for July 31st, in red marker, is scrawled LAST DAY!!

CU ANDY

He doesn't seem thrilled by the prospect-

EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

Andy and Tommy walk out to Andy's CAR, parked just behind a Lincoln in a space marked DISTRICT ATTORNEY. It looks cold, patches of SNOW covering the ground-

ANDY

You think people like it or think it's stupid when the name of a store is a pun?

TOMMY

You're not starting with this retirement stuff again.

ANDY

I put in thirty on the job, Tommy. And cop years are like dog years, so what's that- ?

TOMMY

A couple centuries.

ANDY

I'd say it's time to move on.

Andy waves to somebody high in a building across the street-
WINDOW

Andy's wife MARY waves from her cubicle behind a window in the OFFICE BUILDING facing the D.A.'s-

TOMMY (O.S.)

I can't believe this-

TOMMY, ANDY

Getting into the car-

TOMMY

Guy's got the cushiest job and the second-best parking space in all of Manhattan-

ANDY

I've outlived my usefulness. I trained you guys too well.

TOMMY

So you're going where?

ANDY

Newport, Rhode Island. Out of the fast lane. Pokey little town, good view of the ocean--

EXT. STREET - DAY

Andy's car travels north on 5th Avenue-

TOMMY (O.S.)
Where's your doctor?

INT. CAR

ANDY
Eighty-third on the West Side. I'll
drop you by the Park.

TOMMY (concerned)
This is just routine, right? There's
not anything really wrong with- ?

ANDY
It's for a stress test.

TOMMY
Like where they hook sensors to your
chest and make you call up your ex-
wives?

ANDY
That's not funny.

Tommy watches Andy drive for a moment. He turns onto 55th
Street-

TOMMY
So what happens to us when you go?
All the things you've set up, the
cases you've started-

ANDY (not believing it)
It'll work out. Nobody's
irreplaceable.

Andy slows the car. He looks out as they stop in traffic in
front of an upscale APARTMENT BUILDING. His expression
darkens-

ANDY (to himself)
Richie Glennon.

TOMMY
What?

ANDY (snapping to)
Oh- I- I knew a guy got killed in
that building.

TOMMY
Yeah?

ANDY
Him and a friend, shot to death.
1970.

The light changes ahead. A car behind them HONKS and Andy pulls away-

TOMMY
What'd he get?

ANDY
Hmm?

TOMMY
The shooter, what'd they throw at him? Murder One, manslaughter-

ANDY
Nothing.

They drive, Tommy waiting for the rest of the tale-

ANDY (quiet)
Never caught him.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - TREADMILL

Andy is wired head and body with SENSORS, slogging on an inclined TREADMILL as various MACHINES record his performance-

CLOSER - ANDY

We TIGHTEN on Andy as he runs. The sound of GYMNASIUM ECHOES begins to FADE UP-

INT. GYM - DAY - FLASHBACK

We hear SHOUTS and SPLASHING from a SWIMMING POOL in the BG. RICHIE GLENNON, 36 years old, is handsome, charismatic, cocky. He demonstrates to a handful of worshipful NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS how to work the battered, taped-up HEAVY BAG that hangs between them-

RICHIE
Keep your body punches short and throw from the legs- BOP! BOP! BOP! and keep moving- you stand still you're gonna get tagged-

NEIGHBORHOOD KID
How many knockouts did you have, Richie?

RICHIE

Let's just say I quit the ring with
my good looks and most of my brains
intact.

Richie turns, sees YOUNG ANDY approaching, flashes a grin,
gives him a playful jab to the shoulder-

RICHIE

Andy! How's it goin, tiger?

Richie eases into SLOW-MOTION-

MARY (V.O.)

Your blood-pressure is high but you
shouldn't be too concerned-

INT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andy, preoccupied, is grating way too much Parmesan onto a
cutting board-

MARY

-your cholesterol could be better,
the pressure in your chest he can't
explain but no cause for too much
alarm- what medication is this doctor
on?

ANDY

He's not an alarmist.

MARY

Did the word 'stress' ever enter the
conversation?

ANDY

He knows what I do for a living. A
lot of his patients are cops.

MARY

A lot of his patients are probably
dead before they're fifty.

Andy is staring into space-

MARY

Earth to Andy-

ANDY (snapping to)

Sorry. I was- I was thinking about
a case.

Mary takes the cheese grater from him-

MARY

Fat Tony? Vincent the Chin?

ANDY

Naw, this is a murder. It's a cold case.

MARY

Cold.

ANDY

It was what?

(calculates)

Twenty seven years ago.

Mary slides olive oil and vinegar to him-

MARY

Honey, that's not cold, that's history. Make the dressing.

INT. HALLWAY/ANDY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Very early. A JANITOR is still buffing the floor in the HALLWAY. We TRACK in through the open door of Andy's OFFICE, around the desk to find Andy, sitting on the floor with all his file cabinet drawers open and papers spread out around him. He is sorting through a cardboard BOX full of memorabilia-

BOX

Newspaper clippings, a signed baseball, and finally, what he's been looking for- a large-format PHOTOGRAPH of a group of people around a table at a function in a ballroom-

CLOSER

We PAN from a beautiful young blonde woman to TIGHTEN on a smiling, handsome party-goer. RICHIE GLENNON-

ANDY

Looking at the photo-

ANDY (softly)

Richie.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir?

Chris stands by the desk with a folder of papers in hand-

CHRIS

I'm supposed to deliver this to you.

ANDY

Which one sent it?

CHRIS
Lomax. He asked me to tell you that-

ANDY (rising)
-that Mr. Morgenthau is very
interested in this case. You know
how many Assistant DAs we've got here?

CHRIS
A couple hundred?

ANDY
And Mr. Morgenthau is very interested
in all of their cases. Listen,
what's your name, Chip-

CHRIS
Chris-

ANDY
When Joe Pennisi gets in tell him I
had to go out and check on something.

CHRIS
Sure-

ANDY (out the door)
And call Mid-Town North, let em know
I'm heading over and no, I'm not
coming to bust their balls.

Andy is gone. Chris, a little bewildered, lays the file on
Andy's desk. He picks up the old photo Andy has left behind,
glances at it-

PHOTO

Richie Glennon smiling, full of life-

INT. BASEMENT, MID-TOWN NORTH PRECINCT - DAY

We're in the basement RECORDS ROOM of a precinct STATION
HOUSE. A DETECTIVE leads Andy through stacks of forgotten
paperwork-

DETECTIVE
'69, '70- homicides, homicides,
homicides- Christ, they were
dropping like flies.

ANDY
About twice the rate we've got today.

DETECTIVE
The Age of Aquarius.

He pulls first one, then two large, paper-crammed CARDBOARD BOXES with 'Glennon/McGinn' scrawled on them off the rack and lugs them to a table by Andy-

DETECTIVE

Must have been a big deal in its day.

ANDY (shrugs)

Not especially. There was a lot going on.

A precinct SERGEANT climbs down the stairs and enters with a thick FILE-

SERGEANT

Here's your perp-

(reads)

'Koehler, Frank Gilbert'.

ANDY (remembering)

Right-

SERGEANT (reading)

'DOB 7/24/39. Two tattoos on left arm- a skull-and-crossbones and a heart- '

The Sergeant hands Andy the file-

SERGEANT (suspicious)

Don't know why you're interested in this guy. He's dead.

ANDY

Dead?

Andy flips the file open, looks at the D-D-5 FORM on top-

SERGEANT

We closed the case on him.
Exceptional Clearance.

ANDY (reads)

'The subject has not surfaced, despite a history of extralegal and violent behavior'--- 'investigations have yielded negative results'--- 'in our opinon'- what is this crap? There's no death cert, no obit, no prints off a corpse-

SERGEANT (shrugs)

Hey- a clearance is a clearance.

ANDY (angry)

Especially when your lieutenant tells you to jack your batting average up or take a walk.

SERGEANT (defensive)
You people downtown do your job,
whatever it is, we do ours-

ANDY (angry)
'In our opinion- ' what is that?
They get tired of looking for him so
they decide he's dead!

The Detective and the Sergeant exchange a look-

DETECTIVE
You gonna take all this stuff you
need a requisition.

INT. HALLWAY - BELL ATLANTIC HQ

Andy strolls with TOM HALLINAN, a retired detective now
running security for the phone company. Bell Atlantic
presents a much more high-tech profile than the NYPD-

HALLINAN
The one that got away.

ANDY
So you remember it?

HALLINAN
We were in the neighborhood that
night, working a burglary, we got a
radio call- 'shots fired'. I got up
there to the apartment, you could
still smell the gunpowder.

ANDY
They were already dead when you came
in?

HALLINAN
Yeah. And the girlfriend- this
gorgeous blonde-

ANDY
Ellen Perry-

HALLINAN
She's totally unglued- 'He shot em,
he shot em, you gotta do something-'
McGinn owned a restaurant, had a
family. The other one-

ANDY
Richie Glennon-

HALLINAN
He was more of a character.

ANDY
I knew Richie pretty well.

HALLINAN
Not a wise guy, not a total square egg- somewhere in between. It all come out of an argument. They'd been drinking at this joint McGinn owned where the radio DJs used to hang- the Channel Seven, over on 54th?

INT. BAR, CHANNEL SEVEN RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

YOUNG FRANKIE (40) argues at the bar with PETE MCGINN (38) a tall, well-dressed restaurateur, as Richie Glennon looks on-

HALLINAN (V.O.)
Who knows what the beef was about- sports, politics, gambling, women- people in the bar just said one minute it was calm and the next Pete McGinn and Koehler are going at it.

Young Frankie, face reddening, leans forward and spits in McGinn's face-

EXT. CHANNEL SEVEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

POW! Young Frankie takes a shot in the face and goes down on the sidewalk in front of the restaurant-

HALLINAN (V.O.)
From all reports McGinn gave Frankie a thorough ass-kicking.

McGinn stands over Young Frankie. Richie Glennon smiles, says something. Young Frankie sits up, glaring, holding his bleeding mouth as the two others start back inside--

HALLINAN (V.O.)
McGinn walks to his apartment a block north to clean up and Richie Glennon hangs there to meet the girlfriend.

INT. CHANNEL SEVEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Richie sits at the bar with his girlfriend, the blonde in Andy's photo- ELLEN PERRY. Young Frankie approaches cleaned up now but with a fat lip. He tries to smile-

HALLINAN (V.O.)
Not too much later, Frankie Koehler reappears and he's like 'no hard feelings, let's all bury the hatchet.'

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Richie, unperturbed, chats with Ellen as Young Frankie faces them, riding up in a small ELEVATOR COMPARTMENT. No expression on Young Frankie's face-

HALLINAN (V.O.)

Glennon says why not, comes along to help smooth things over. He tells the girlfriend to wait in the hallway for a minute, and the two of them go in.

The elevator DOORS OPEN. We wait with Ellen in the HALLWAY as the two men knock on McGinn's door. He opens, a few words, and they step in. Ellen leans against the wall, starts to rummage through her bag-

HALLINAN (V.O.)

All of a sudden there's gunfire from the apartment.

Ellen snaps to attention, rushes to the door, throws it open-

INT. TOM HALLINAN'S OFFICE

Hallinan sits at his desk, walls and desk decked with PLAQUES and PHOTOS from his days as a cop. His mood is dark as he studies the MUG SHOT of Frankie Koehler Andy has brought-

HALLINAN

The girlfriend goes in, Frankie shoves a gun in her face, tells her to shut up and walks out. Goes down the elevator, past the doorman, and into the sunset.

ANDY

No more sightings?

HALLINAN

I caught the case, right, so they took me off the schedule, let me work it full time. Everybody said sure, Frankie Koehler, bad guy, tough guy, West Side of Manhattan, just got to pick him up. We knew he worked at the Coliseum, knew he was hooked up with the Westies, had a line on his whole family. It seemed so easy. Nothing.

ANDY

Nothing?

HALLINAN

Into thin air. And you remember what it was like in those days- student riots at Columbia, Black Panthers shooting at us, drugs going crazy- we had our backs to the wall. Pretty soon I was on the schedule again, catching new cases.

He muses-

HALLINAN

I had a good career.

ANDY

A great career.

HALLINAN

Twenty five years on the Job, it's the only thing I regret.

A moment of silence. Andy makes a decision, picks up the mug shot to look at it-

ANDY

I'm gonna catch this guy.

CU MUG SHOT

Full face and profile of Frankie, taken in 1962-

ANDY (O.S.)

If he's alive I'm gonna catch him and put him in jail.

ROOM

Hallinan smiles at Andy-

HALLINAN

Yeah? Well promise me something, Andy-

ANDY

What?

HALLINAN

Whoever goes to take him, he's gonna be armed and dangerous. You pass that on for me, alright?

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy is organizing reports from the Glennon/McGinn homicide boxes as his deputy, JOE PENNISI, steps in-

ANDY
Hey, Joe.

JOE
There's a half-dozen ADA's having
seizures cause you left the building
and we just got a call from upstairs-

ANDY
Mid-Town North complaining I'm
stepping on their toes again.

JOE
How'd you guess?

ANDY
If the precinct guys had their way
we'd still be delivering subpeonas.

JOE
They're saying that you're saying
that they screwed up an investigation-

ANDY
They didn't screw up, they gave up.

Joe checks out the mug shot of Frankie lying on Andy's desk-

JOE (reading)
'Frank Koehler- '

ANDY
Professional criminal. Stick ups,
loan sharking-

JOE (reads)
'Wanted, double homicide, unlawful
flight- ' He been off the radar
long?

ANDY
A while-

JOE
He'll turn up. Even if he's gone
straight, people have family,
friends, bank accounts- to be willing
to cut all those ties completely-

Joe shakes his head-

JOE
Course those Weather Underground kids
did it. Maybe he's a librarian in
Muncie, Indiana.

Andy lifts up the mug shot-

ANDY

Look again.

CU MUG SHOT

Frankie Koehler has a beefy face with hard, dead eyes-

JOE (O.S.)

Maybe not.

ROOM

Andy crosses to tack it over the papers already affixed to the wall across from his desk-

JOE

That's him now?

The photo goes up right next to a COMPUTER-AGED FBI WANTED POSTER of Frankie-

ANDY

The parole photo from is '62. Then the FBI did their computer-aging thing to it.

JOE (realizing)

'62?

ANDY

The murders were in '70. It's the best we've got.

JOE

That's twenty seven years, Andy.

ANDY

I can do the math.

JOE

And you're going after this guy?

ANDY

Not officially. Not yet. Just checking some things out.

Andy stands transfixed, staring at the mug shots. Joe shakes his head, pats Andy on the shoulder as he steps out-

JOE

You're chasing a ghost, boss. Good luck.

Andy continues to study the photos of Frankie-

CU PHOTO

Frankie stares out at us with his hard eyes-

INT. MARY'S WORK SPACE - DAY

Andy examines a half-eaten granola bar as Mary sits working at her bank of COMPUTERS-

ANDY
You should eat lunch.

MARY
I do eat lunch.

ANDY
An apple somebody brings you from the machine downstairs is not lunch. You should walk outside, look at the sky-

MARY
You come over to rescue me?

ANDY
Actually there's this thing-
Andy waggles Frankie Koehler's arrest file-

ANDY
That case I told you about?
Mary takes a mug shot from the file and glances at it-

MARY
This is your guy?

ANDY
His name is Frankie Koehler. He killed two men back in 1970. One of them was a friend of mine.

MARY
And who's handling it for the DA?

ANDY (shrugs)
Nobody. I'm kind of keeping it under my hat for the time being.

MARY
With the caseload you've got over there you want to go moonlighting?

ANDY (shrugs)
I don't know- it seems wrong to just walk away from, it. Officially the guy is dead, but-

MARY
You want to resurrect him.

ANDY
If he's alive he belongs in jail.

Mary recognizes the tone in Andy's voice. This is important to him. Andy reads from a rap sheet in the file-

ANDY

Did a five year jolt for murder when he was a kid, he's out less than a year when sticks up a bar and gets caught again. Eleven and a half more upstate, gets out in '62, gets married, then he's off the books till the shootings in '70.

MARY

And then?

ANDY

Ceases to exist.

Mary flips through the file, sighs-

MARY

I can go after his Social Security number. I can check on death notices for any Frank Koehlers. But if he changed his name, which unless he's a total moron-

ANDY

They all think they're criminal geniuses.

MARY

Okay- if you want to open a checking account, have a driver's license, rent a car, take a plane, get a job that pays anything but cash, you need ID.

ANDY

So he's either living like an illegal alien-

MARY

Or he's established another identity. If he's alive.

Mary takes the file from Andy, looks at it warily-

MARY

This is more than a walk down Memory Lane, Andy. If it's supposed to be just between you and me-

ANDY

You got plenty other work, I know-

MARY

I can get the databases to spit some stuff out, but going through it-

ANDY
Whatever you can do for me.

Mary sighs, lays the file back down-

MARY
No problem. I've got my lunch hour coming up.

We FADE UP a BAND playing Sinatra-type MUSIC-

RICHIE (V.O.)
You've entered some strange territory here, kid.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We are at the police 'racket' we saw in Andy's photo, a cop party celebrating a fellow officer's retirement or promotion. A few COUPLES dance in front of the bandstand. COPS and other law enforcement characters dressed up to party congregate at tables and on the floor, laughing, drinking-

ANDY'S TABLE

YOUNG ANDY (mid 20's) sits with several other COPS and their wives and with Richie and Ellen-

RICHIE
Cops and wops- nothin like it in the world. I see at least three of the most corrupt judges in the city- there's one of Carlo Gambino's lawyers-

YOUNG ANDY (shrugs)
Hey, you retire from the job, you throw one of these rackets and invite the people you worked with.

RICHIE (looking around)
Charley worked in vice, didn't he? Where are all the hookers?

ELLEN
Ignore him, he's jealous.

RICHIE
What am I jealous about?

ELLEN
Because they belong to a club and you don't.

RICHIE

Yeah, right.

(to Andy)

I hear some of your brothers in blue are in a bit over their heads. The drug squad down there-

YOUNG ANDY

Special Investigations Unit.

The other cops at the table grow quiet-

RICHIE

This Knapp Commission going after the collars-for-dollars boys, all that dope money on the street-- tough times to be an honest cop.

YOUNG ANDY (quietly)

It's possible.

RICHIE

Yeah?

YOUNG ANDY (quietly)

You just let it be known how you operate. The guys that can't deal with that will ask not to work with you.

RICHIE

Could get pretty lonely in the locker room.

YOUNG ANDY

I can handle it.

Richie is glad to hear this. He smiles-

RICHIE

Then good for you, kid. Somebody's gotta take up the slack for the rest of us.

MARY (V.O.)

Andy? Andy?

INT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andy is still daydreaming, sitting with Mary at the kitchen table with a bookstore FLOOR PLAN spread between them-

MARY

We have to make a decision on this now.

ANDY (snapping to)
Hmm?

MARY
The shelves. If we put one down the center here we can show more stock but it will be pretty crowded-

ANDY
Some of these superstores, they've got couches to read in, snack bars- of course most of the employees might as well be selling toilet paper.

MARY
We can't afford employees, Andy.

ANDY
Right. You think this is crazy?

MARY
What?

ANDY
What do I know about the book business?

MARY
What did you know about police work before you started doing it?

ANDY
Yeah, I suppose-

MARY
So. The shelves- you with me here?

INT. HALLWAY - D.A.'S OFFICE

Chris hangs by a water cooler with a couple INVESTIGATORS-

INVESTIGATOR 1
A real pain in the ass. Every day, like clockwork, the phone rings- it's the sister-

INVESTIGATOR 2
They're the worst.

INVESTIGATOR 1
It's like I'm sittin on my hands here, like I'm not out there beatin the bushes for leads-

INVESTIGATOR 2
Their car was in the shop, they'd never bug the mechanic like that-

INVESTIGATOR 1
I mean get a life-

CHRIS
This is the relative of a victim?

The Investigator barely looks at him-

INVESTIGATOR 1
Little brother turned up in the trunk
of his Miata, long term parking.
Another thing that fries my ass-

Andy passes, following after BOSTICK, one of the senior ADAs,
and we TRACK to catch up with them-

ANDY
We have a domestic quarrel, husband
says the wife leaves in a huff- never
comes back-

BOSTICK
This is Missing Persons, Andy-

ANDY
Missing Persons has got way more than
they can handle, they'll be happy to
give this up.

BOSTICK
Unlike Homicide. What'd you do to
rattle their cage?

ANDY (covering)
Oh- nothing. Just a little research.
They get paranoid. Look, this
doctor, the husband, is also a pilot-

BOSTICK
Not a crime.

ANDY
Let's say he makes a twenty-minute
flight, dumps her out in deep water
with something heavy to make her sink-

BOSTICK
Let's say you bring me a body, a
motive, a witness- anything tangible
and I'll consider indictment.
Otherwise I've just got a chief
investigator with an active
imagination.

ANDY
It's my job to be suspicious.

BOSTICK

And it's mine not to waste the taxpayers' money. There's been no public outcry. We've got enough corpses to deal with over here without you digging up new ones.

ANDY

He's out there laughing at us!

Andy lets Bostick go, frustrated. He sees Tommy Pon come out of the men's room-

ANDY

Tommy! I got a favor to ask you-

INT. KENNY KOEHLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tommy sits looking at Frankie Koehler's MOTHER as she watches a soap opera, barely glancing at him, smoking a Camel-

TOMMY

I wanted to know a few things about your son.

MOTHER

So ask him. He's down on the site.

TOMMY

This is- ?

MOTHER

Kenny. If he's been messing with that reefer again I'll break his head.

TOMMY

Actually, I wanted to talk to you about Frank-

MOTHER

Deceased.

TOMMY

You know this for a fact?

MOTHER

He's got a wife. He's got a mother. We don't hear from him twenty-seven years- draw your own conclusions.

TOMMY

But we don't have any proof-

Mother Koehler turns her head to give him a withering look-

MOTHER

Then that's your problem, isn't it?

INT. SKYLIGHT DINER - DAY

Mary and Andy sit in a booth by the window in the diner on the corner of 34th and Ninth Ave. Andy has an old TRANSCRIPT and is reading it. Mary looks around the place, unimpressed-

MARY

Why are we eating here?

ANDY

Food's good.

MARY

It's a diner, Andy. What's the story?

Andy looks to her, then points out the window-

ANDY

Okay- the brother, Kenny Koehler, lives two blocks up here. Penn Station's just across the way-

MARY

You think Frankie's gonna come visit his brother and happen to walk by this window right while we're sitting here?

ANDY

It could happen.

MARY

And you'll recognize him from a doctored FBI photo-

ANDY

I think so, yeah.

Mary shakes her head, sighs-

ANDY

What?

MARY

Nothing. I just wish his brother lived near a classier restaurant.

Mary can tell that Andy is already lost in the chase. He goes back to reading the transcript-

ANDY (reading)

In 1944 he's fifteen years old-

MARY

If you were chasing after some international jewel thief we could be at Lutece-

ANDY
-lies about his age to join the Army-

MARY
So Little Frankie's patriotic-

ANDY
Loses big in a crap game out at Fort
Dix, so he takes a powder-

MARY
Now he's AWOL-

ANDY
He's back in town, hooks up with a
friend named Billy Burns, who's got
a girlfriend named Ida-

MARY
That's one you don't hear anymore.
Ida-

ANDY
Who while they're visiting shows the
boys her prize possessions- her .45
calibre Smith and Wesson and a pearl
she says is worth five thousand
dollars.

MARY
Bad move, Ida.

ANDY
She asks the boys to take her dog for
a walk. "Me and Billy didn't want to
walk too far," he says-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STATION HOUSE - FLASHBACK

15-year-old KID FRANKIE faces a pair of deadpan DETECTIVES as
he sits on a stool in an interrogation CELL, HARD LIGHT
blasting on his face from above-

KID FRANKIE
-so we threw the pooch in a car and
left him there while we planned the
score.

DETECTIVE 1 (O.S.)
And you went back-- ?

KID FRANKIE

The next morning. Kicked in the door, took the pearl and the .45 and stashed it in Billy's cellar till we could find somebody to unload it for us. Couple hours later I go back there to check- I had a feeling, right- and it's all gone.

Kid Frankie shakes his head-

KID FRANKIE

I felt bad.

DETECTIVE 1 (O.S.)

You thought Billy took it.

KID FRANKIE

I didn't like it.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EVENING - FLASHBACK

A shabby looking street in Hell's Kitchen. Kid Frankie and his teenage pal BILLY BURNS argue on the street. Frankie is smaller but twice as tough, shoving Billy against a METAL GRATE in front of a closed CIGAR STORE again and again, furious-

KID FRANKIE

You punk, you know it aint down there no more!

BILLY

I didn't take it, I swear-

SMACK! Kid Frankie slaps him hard across the face-

KID FRANKIE

There's two people hid it there, Billy, me and you-

BILLY

I give it back to Ida!

SMACK! SMACK! Billy's nose is BLEEDING now-

KID FRANKIE

Don't hand me that crap!

BILLY

Honest, Frankie! I got feelin bad we lifted it. She's my girl, Ida-

Kid Frankie pushes Billy away, disgusted-

KID FRANKIE

Wipe your face.

BILLY

You promise you won't hit me no more?

Kid Frankie looks down the street. A few NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE look their way-

KID FRANKIE

Sure- I promise.

Billy warily wipes blood off on his sleeve-

KID FRANKIE (thinking)

Anyhow, we got work to do. You remember I told about the Y?

BILLY (worried)

We gonna do that now?

KID FRANKIE

Got a big fat safe with our name on it.

BILLY

So you aint mad at me?

Frankie puts his arm around Billy's shoulders, gives him a somewhat playful hug, grinning-

KID FRANKIE

Naw, I aint mad at you, Billy. We're pals, remember?

EXT. YMCA - EVENING - FLASHBACK

We PAN from the brick entrance of the dim-lit YMCA on West 24th street to the DERELICT BUILDING beside it. Billy and Frankie look both ways, then quickly climb up a FIRE ESCAPE and duck in through a partially boarded-up window, Billy carrying a CROWBAR-

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - FLASHBACK

Billy walks across broken glass and crumbled plaster-

BILLY

How we gonna open the safe, Frankie?

KID FRANKIE (O.S.)

We're gonna haul the whole thing out of there. It aint so big.

BILLY

And where do we bust through?

KID FRANKIE (O.S.)

You son of a bitch.

Billy turns. Frankie stands pointing a PISTOL at him, a scary look in his eye-

KID FRANKIE

You think I believe that crap, you give it back to her? If you don't tell me where that pearl is I'll blow your brains out.

Panicking, Billy tries to run- BLAM! Kid Frankie SHOTS him in the back from about five feet away! CLANG! The crowbar drops and Billy falls to the floor, rolls on his back. The bullet has passed through his lung, frothy BLOOD gurgling from his chest. Billy is breathing rapidly, terrified-

BILLY

You shot me, Frankie! You shot me!

Frankie kneels and puts his face very close to Billy's, his eyes cold-

FRANKIE

You bastard, you deserved it.

DETECTIVE 2 (V.O.)

So you killed him.

INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Kid Frankie still under the hard light-

KID FRANKIE

Yeah.

Showing no remorse, Kid Frankie shakes his head-

KID FRANKIE

Now it turns out the crazy bastard was telling the truth. He give it back to Ida.

DETECTIVE 1 (O.S.)

That pearl is a phony, kid. Made outa paste. They sell em down on Canal Street for a dollar sixty cents.

Kid Frankie takes this in-

DETECTIVE 2 (O.S.)

You sorry you shot him, Frankie?

KID FRANKIE

Yeah. I'm sorry now for a buck sixty.

INT. DINER

ANDY

An argument, he says let's be friends, gets the victim alone-- sound familiar?

Imressed, Mary looks out the window-

MARY

You really think he might come by here?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - PRESENT

KENNY KOEHLER, in his early sixties, warms his hands over a fire in an OIL DRUM as behind him a scaffolded BUILDING is being renovated. Tommy Pon is with him-

KENNY

With that temper of his? No way if Frankie's alive he stays out of trouble for twenty-seven years.

TOMMY

You two were tight?

KENNY

Not especially. We were- you know- brothers, but we didn't hang with the same crowd. We didn't see eye to eye on much. Frankie had big ideas, a big mouth.

TOMMY

He come to you when he was hot?

KENNY

Hell no- what am I gonna do for him? I heard he robbed a shylock, got out of town quick.

TOMMY

And you haven't heard from him since then?

KENNY

Some of your fellas come talk to me right after the shooting, some different ones five or six years later. I told them the same thing. Not a word.

TOMMY

So as far as you know, he's-

KENNY

Look, I never been invited to any funerals. But I think you're wasting your time.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

We start on the aged MUG SHOT of Frankie Koehler, then pull back-

TOMMY (C.S.)

Looks like he's just getting by, this Kenny. Still lives with his mother.

Andy is drawing up a FAMILY TREE on a CHART on his wall, lines emanating from Frankie's name to the names of known friends and relatives. Most have QUESTION MARKS next to them-

TOMMY

He's pretty small-time compared to Frankie- three little felony beefs. Possession.

Andy gives Tommy a look-

TOMMY

Weedhead. He's sixty-some years old, still buys his stuff on the street.

ANDY

It could be some leverage. I'll put the word out we're interested in him. 'Handle with Care'.

TOMMY

So am I on this?

ANDY

It's not really a case yet. It's just, you know-

Tommy laughs-

TOMMY

Sure. It's just Andy gets a bug up his ass and we all pull lots of overtime.

INT. NURSING HOME DINING ROOM - EVENING

A BINGO GAME is in progress, a STAFF MEMBER calling out numbers and elderly RESIDENTS filling their cards-

ANDY AND O'RIORDAN

Andy sits to one side with O'RIORDAN, a leathery old guy in his 70's. O'Riordan is in a geri chair with a tray, playing three cards. He regularly breaks into throat hydraulics and hawks into a cardboard sputum cup on the tray-

O'RIORDAN
Had a short fuse, Frankie.

ANDY
You knew him from Green Haven.

O'RIORDAN
Knew him from the joint, knew him
from the neighborhood. A real
ladies' man when he was younger.

ANDY
Sharp dresser?

O'RIORDAN
When he was in the dough.

ANDY
How'd he make his money?

O'RIORDAN
This and that. Toward the end him
and this other guy had the Coliseum
there sewed up. Frankie collected.
If Frankie was collecting, you paid.

ANDY
So a strong-arm type of guy-

O'RIORDAN
Look, he came up in a rough
neighborhood, did a lot of time when
he was a kid. You only have to go
the distance once or twice, word gets
out, nobody fucks with you.

ANDY
Go the distance.

O'RIORDAN
You kill somebody, it doesn't matter
who, doesn't matter what for- it
makes an impression.

O'Riordan coughs, spits-

ANDY
You hear where he went after the
shootings in '70?

O'RIORDAN
Away.

ANDY
That's all?

O'RIORDAN

He didn't send postcards. A guy leaves town, does a stretch, he's not a factor anymore. You forget about him. You got enough to deal with wise guys right in front of you.

ANDY

You know Richie Glennon?

O'RIORDAN

Seen him around. He was a fighter. Strictly an opponent. Good looking white kid, not much speed, no killer instinct.

ANDY

In or out of the ring?

O'RIORDAN (shrugs)

You got it or you don't.

ANDY

You aware of any bad blood between him and Frank Koehler?

O'RIORDAN

Frankie put a half-dozen slugs in the guy. That might indicate some hard feelings.

An elderly WOMAN cries 'Bingo!' O'Riordan spits again, disgusted, and dumps the markers off his cards-

O'RIORDAN

You want to investigate something, spend some time around here. I swear they rig this fuckin game.

INT. MARY'S WORKSPACE - DAY

Mary is keyboarding on her computer as she speaks, Andy pacing behind her-

MARY

I started with the most obvious- all Frank Koehlers still living. Cross-checked those against Social Security numbers, driver's license, date of birth. Negative results.

She hands him a stack of printouts-

MARY

I went through the Federal and state prison systems, checked under his name, checked under misspellings of his name, always very important-nobody. Then I started in 1970, white males who've been incarcerated, born around 1930, similar tattoos-

ANDY

So if he's busted and gives a different name, and they miss the fingerprint match-

MARY

Four hundred thirty-five possibilities, all but thirteen have done time previously which puts them in jail at times when Frankie was on the street or vice versa. The other thirteen have military service or records of employment that preclude them from being our man.

ANDY

So we don't think he's been in jail.

MARY

Obituaries. Not much of this is collected in one place. I'm checking Koehler under various spellings in the metropolitan area, anybody in his age range with the initials FK- which could take forever.

ANDY

I really appreciate this, Mary.

MARY (smiles sarcastically)

It's my new hobby. This-

She hands Andy a printout-

MARY

-is what I've found on his living relatives. Not much on the wife- she goes off the charts in '73- a few cousins and nephews scattered around, sister in Boston, closest relatives in the area are the mother, Agnes, and his brother Kenny-

ANDY

Who we're watching at a distance. Is that it?

MARY (hesitant)
Well- you said there was a rumor
that Frankie just changed his name
and stayed on the payroll at the
Coliseum-

ANDY
Yeah. He was connected with the mob
guys in the unions. He was running
the book over there, loan sharking-

MARY
There was a Federal racketeering
probe during that period, so I was
able to get ahold of their payroll
records.

Andy takes the wad of printout Mary hands him, begins to scan
it-

ANDY
Terrific.

MARY
Koehler's DOB is 7/24/29, right?

ANDY
Yeah-

MARY
A few months after the murders we get
a Frank Fitzgerald on the books-
that's page four-

ANDY (reading)
Fitzgerald, Francis X. DOB 8/25/30.

Andy realizes, looks at her-

ANDY
Exactly one month, one day, and one
year later!

MARY (shrugs)
No criminal record under that name,
but he still lives in the area.
Tom's River, New Jersey.

COMPUTER SCREEN

A DRIVER'S LICENSE with PHOTO appears on Mary's SCREEN. A
man in his late 60's-

ANDY (O.S., reading)
Francis X. Fitzgerald, eyes Blue,
height 5'9"-

MARY, ANDY

Andy holds a COPY of the FBI 'aged' PHOTO next to the screen-
PHOTO, SCREEN IMAGE

Side-by-side with Fitzgerald's license photo, it seems like
they could possibly be the same man--

ANDY (O.S.)
He's a dead ringer.

MARY, ANDY

Mary shakes her head-

MARY
I got excited by the numbers at
first, but honestly I don't think so.
The eyes are different.

ANDY
They're the same color. It says
right there-

MARY
Look at Fitzgerald. He's got kind
eyes.

ANDY
'Kind eyes'? What is that?

MARY
The date of birth could easily be a
coincidence-

ANDY
There's one way to find out for sure.

MARY
Andy-

But Andy is already headed out-

ANDY
Let's cut to the chase!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - TOM'S RIVER - NIGHT

We TRACK IN on a CAR parked on a residential street-

INT. CAR

Andy sits with Tommy, ROLLINS, and PIERCE, watching a house
across the street-

ROLLINS
It's fucking freezing in here. Get
that heat back on.

ANDY
I don't want to start the engine up
again.

ROLLINS
The lights have been out for an hour.
The guy is dead to the world.

ANDY
All right- Eddie, you cover the rear.
Remember, this guy is likely to be
armed and dangerous.

Pierce steps out of the car, signals a PATROL CAR from the
Tom's River PD-

ROLLINS
You pull me out of bed at midnight
I'd be pretty dangerous too-

EXT. FRONT PORCH - FITZGERALD HOUSE - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! BAM! Tommy and Rollins dance with cold as Andy
bangs on the door, hands ready on their guns. PORCH LIGHTS
come on. An older man, FRANK FITZGERALD, answers sleepily.
He is in his pyjamas-

FITZ
Hello?

ANDY
Frank?

FITZ
Yeah?

ANDY
Come here-

Andy grabs him by the collar of his pyjamas and yanks him
close-

ANDY
You're under arrest for homicide.

FITZ (confused)
Homicide? What are you talking about?

ANDY
You're Frank Koehler.

FITZ
Nooo! I'm Frank Fitzgerald.

ANDY
Are you sure?

FITZ
Swear to God!

This isn't the reaction Andy expected or desired-

ANDY
Get inside.

Andy lets go and Fitzgerald backs into his house. Andy and Tommy exchange a look and the detectives enter-

INT. FITZGERALD HOUSE

Fitzgerald sits uneasily in an easy chair as the investigators cruise around him like sharks-

TOMMY
Your name is Frankie Koehler-

ANDY
In 1970 you murdered Richie Glennon
and Peter McGinn-

TOMMY
Is it all coming back now?

FITZ
My name is Frank Fitzgerald. It
always has been. People call me Fitz-

ANDY
You used to work at the Coliseum on
61st Street-

FITZ
Yeah-

ANDY
You were in with the wise guys who
controlled the unions there-

FITZ
Hey, there was plenty of bad
characters working there but I stayed
away from all that.

TOMMY
From all what?

FITZ
I don't know. I mind my own business.

ANDY
Roll up your sleeves.

Fitz, frightened, rolls the sleeves of his pyjama tops up to reveal his bare arms. Andy steps close to examine them-

FITZ

Whoever you're talking about here,
it's not me. I never been arrested
in my life. Never been in any kind
of trouble-

Andy's face falls as he sees no tattoos or scars on Fitz's arms-

MRS. FITZGERALD (O.S.)

Honey?

MRS. FITZGERALD steps in wearing her nightgown and bathrobe, confused to see the living room full of strange men-

MRS. FITZGERALD

Is something wrong?

FITZ

These fellas are from the police.
They're looking for somebody in
trouble with the law.

MRS. FITZGERALD

Oh dear. Did it happen here in the
neighborhood?

TOMMY

It was in Manhattan. On the West
Side-

MRS. FITZGERALD

We lived on First and 82nd for
twenty-five years. You know what I
miss the most? The bakeries. Out
here they have these things- they're
not really bagels, they're just round
bread.

ANDY

M'am-

MRS. FITZGERALD

Would you like coffee, tea? I could
make some cocoa-

FITZ

You remember where I've got my birth
certificate stashed? And the
yearbooks from high school?

MRS. FITZGERALD

If these men are chasing some
criminal they don't have time to look
at your old football pictures. I'll
put some water on-

Mrs. Fitzgerald heads for the kitchen-

TOMMY
You played football?

FITZ
Saint Thomas Aquinas High School.
Where that Kareem Jabar went? Only
he was Lew Alcindor back then. We
didn't have our own field, so we
shared with-

Andy is starting to be embarrassed-

ANDY
Maybe you'd better go find that birth
certificate.

EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE - NIGHT

The Tom's River PATROLMEN stamp their feet by their patrol
car across the street. The front door opens, investigators
spilling out under the PORCH LIGHT-

CLOSER

Fitz and his wife are saying goodnight to Andy and his posse-

MRS. FITZGERALD
It must be so hard on your families,
the hours you put in-

TOMMY (eyeing Andy)
Our boss says jump, we just ask how
high.

ANDY
I'm really sorry for the mistake,
folks- the date of birth thing-

FITZ
Hey, no problem. I hope you catch
this guy. He sounds like a bad
character.

MRS. FITZGERALD
If one of you has a thermos, there's
still hot coffee-

ROLLINS
That's all right, Mrs. Fitz, we gotta
get some sleep now.

ANDY
Well, God bless you people. It's
been a pleasure meeting you.

FITZES

Good night!

The Fitzgeralds close the door. Andy and the investigators walk toward their cars. The investigators are trying not to laugh-

ROLLINS

The look on his face when Andy grabbed him- I thought the poor guy was gonna shit his pants-

ANDY

We eliminated a suspect.

ROLLINS

You know, there's some hot new evidence on that Lindberg kidnaping. We could reopen that-

Andy scowls as the others laugh-

INT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy comes in and sits on the edge of the bed. Mary is still awake, watching High Noon on TV. Gary Cooper as retiring Sheriff Will Kane talks to his pessimistic predecessor, Lon Chaney Jr.-

COOP (TV)

From the time I was a kid I wanted to be like you. You've been a law man your whole life-

LON (TV)

My whole life. A great life. You risk your skin catching killers and the juries let them go so they can come back and shoot at you again. If you're honest, you're poor your whole life, and in the end you wind up dying all alone in a dirty street. for what? For nothing. A tin star...

Mary hits the MUTE button-

MARY

How'd it go?

ANDY

You were right about his eyes. Fitzgerald.

MARY

It was worth a try.

ANDY

We barge in there, middle of the night-- they were the nicest people.

MARY

Don't worry about it. Come on to bed.

ANDY

Nah, I'm- I'm all wired up.

INT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - NIGHT - WALL, MOVIES

We hear the CLATTER of a HOME MOVIE PROJECTOR. 8mm FOOTAGE of a WEDDING RECEPTION flashes on a section of the living room wall. The guests are in late-60's hairdos and fashions, making the usual faces and inebricated comments as the hand-held camera corners them-

ANDY

Andy stands by the PROJECTOR, watching intently-

ROOM, MARY

Mary enters in her nightgown, stands squinting sleepily at the movie footage for a moment with a bit of it projected on her shoulder-

MARY

I've never seen this stuff before.

ANDY

My first wedding.

MARY (a bit frosty)

Oh. Getting nostalgic?

ANDY

No.

(points)

Here he is-

WALL, MOVIE

Richie Glennon appears, grinning, holding up a glass of champagne-

MARY (O.S.)

He's gorgeous-

ANDY (O.S.)

That's Richie Glennon.

Richie is flushed, happy. He's had a few and clearly likes the people he's celebrating-

RICHIE (MOVIE)

To a couple of terrific kids- Andy,
you're gonna be a great cop, maybe
you can help get these clowns from
the Board of Health off my back- I
wish you health and happiness- lots
of little Rosensweigs running around-
May the road lead always downhill,
may the wind be always at your back,
and may you be three days in Heaven
before the Devil knows you're gone!

The film LEADER comes up. Andy shuts the projector OFF. He
and Mary stand in the darkened living room-

MARY

I didn't know you were that close to
him.

ANDY

It was kind of like having a movie
star in the neighborhood. A guy with
a big heart who's a little bit
dangerous maybe- Richie and the other
guy who got shot, Pete McGinn, grew
up in the South Bronx together. They
were rugged guys, knew how to have a
good time-

MARY

You stayed friends?

ANDY (hesitant)

There were stories he made some book
out of his restaurant, loaned a
little money with interest- and I was
a cop.

MARY

A very straight cop.

ANDY

Yeah.

(shrugs)

Your path leads in a different
direction, people drift apart-

MARY

You went to his funeral?

ANDY (nods)

Irish wake. They sang that song they
had for Kennedy when he was shot.

MARY

'The Minstrel Boy'.

Mary begins to HUM 'The Minstrel Boy'-

ANDY
Yeah. That one.

Mary continues to hum as we slowly-

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP TO:

INT. SKYLINE DINER - DAY - CU CALENDAR

A page is flipped, pinned back. It's APRIL-

WIDER

A WAITRESS steps away from the calendar, picks up a tray of food. We FOLLOW her to Andy and Mary, sitting at their booth by the window-

ANDY
If I was to extend a few months-
just to the end of the year-

Mary just looks at him-

ANDY
Bad idea, huh?

MARY
This whole year was an extension,
remember? We've closed the deal on
the store, we've-

ANDY
You're right. I promised, I gave
notice. What's right is right.

ANDY
I leave the office at night, I get
this feeling like I forget something.
Then I remember- another day he's out
there on the loose and I haven't done
a thing-

MARY
How many investigations are you
supervising, Andy?

ANDY
If we had a scrap of evidence I could
ask to have it re-opened, put some
guys on it-

MARY
He'll turn up. Some day we'll be in
here and he'll be at the next booth,
ordering a tuna melt.

A silence. Andy watches PEDESTRIANS pass by, brooding-

MARY

If you don't find him somebody else will.

ANDY

If I don't find him nobody else is going to keep looking.

Mary knows this is probably true-

ANDY

People die, right? They fall off the map, buried anonymously- the sensible thing would be to forget about it.

MARY

I know you don't mean that.

He goes back to staring out the window-

ANDY

I'm probably the only person left who gives a damn.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - WALKING PATH - DAY

Andy strolls with ELLEN, who is walking her German Shepard on the walking path along the Hudson RIVER just North of the Tappan Zee Bridge. Other WALKERS and their DOGS pass by, the dogs sniffing and wagging their tails in greeting. Ellen has had a tough twenty-seven years since the killing. She wears sunglasses though it isn't a bright day-

ELLEN

They told me he was dead.

ANDY

In their opinion. They're just guessing, based on-

ELLEN

They just told me dead. Maybe five years ago.

ANDY

There's no evidence that he is.

Ellen frowns, looks into the trees-

ELLEN

He walked into a room, Richie, he just lit it up-

ANDY

Yeah-

Ellen shoots a look at Andy-

ELLEN

He liked you. 'That Andy, he's gonna be alright. A straight shooter.'

ANDY

He called me that?

ELLEN

'For a cop'. After you joined up he always added that. 'He's a straight shooter, for a cop.'

ANDY

He gave me a lot of grief about it. Good-natured, but-

ELLEN

People would ask for his autograph. Did you know that? They just figured somebody who carried himself that way, looked like he did, he must be famous.

They walk silently for a moment-

ANDY

In the statement I read, you said you didn't see the fight in front of Channel Seven-

Ellen stops, takes off her dark glasses. Her eyes are red. She starts slowly-

ELLEN

Richie was telling me how there'd been a scene. Pete McGinn and this character they knew. This Frankie. Frankie was having an affair with the wife of a mutual friend while the mutual friend was in prison and Pete said how that was pretty low and they went out and had a fight. I was there a few hours later to meet Richie and then he comes up to us at the bar-

ANDY

Frankie Koehler.

ELLEN

I'd never seen him before. He had these eyes- cold eyes-

RICHIE (V.O.)
The look on this guy's face when Pete
decked him-

INT. CHANNEL SEVEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Richie and Ellen sit at the bar-

ELLEN
Pete hit him?

RICHIE
Hit him, hit him back- it was a
fight. Went down like a load of
bricks.

ELLEN
He doesn't seem like the type to
fight.

RICHIE
I grew up with Pete. You can only
push him so far.

ELLEN (shakes her head)
Men your age, still fist-fighting-

YOUNG FRANKIE (O.S.)
Richie.

They turn to see Young Frankie standing by the table, fat
lip, subdued attitude-

RICHIE
Hey.

YOUNG FRANKIE
There's some things remain to be
settled.

RICHIE (wary)
Yeah?

YOUNG FRANKIE
We can't have this kind of atmosphere-
bad feelings, people holding grudges.

RICHIE
I'm not holding any grudges, Frankie.

Young Frankie gives him a long look-

YOUNG FRANKIE
I mean with Pete. I don't know what
got into me-

RICHIE
So tell him it's over. Case closed.

YOUNG FRANKIE
I was hopin- you could go up to his place with me, we could sit down for a minute- put things straight-

ELLEN (V.O.)
He was this kind of street character Richie and Pete liked to hang with. I could never see the point-

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

ELLEN (V.O.)
On the way up in the elevator Richie acted like it was no big thing.

Ellen uneasily glances over at Frankie, deadpan, as Richie talks to her-

ELLEN (V.O.)
But Richie always thought he had a handle on the situation, or at least he was gonna act like he did.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

ELLEN (V.O.)
He asked me to wait outside. "This won't take a minute," he said, and Pete let them in.

Pete appears at the door in a bathrobe, lets Richie and Frankie in. Ellen waits outside-

ELLEN (V.O.)
He was straight out of the shower. I'm in the hallway, wondering why Richie brought me along if I can't go in, when-

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! GUNSHOTS from inside and then a DOG BARKING-

INT. MCGINN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete's huge IRISH SETTER is BARKING, hysterical, running back and forth as Ellen steps in-

ELLEN (V.O.)
There was this dog, a big dog, not a small one, going crazy and there was Richie-

We PAN to see Richie sprawled on the floor, dying, shot several times-

ELLEN (V.O.)

He was on the floor and I tried to pick him up but I couldn't and the man, this Frankie, has a gun-

We TILT rapidly up to Young Frankie, his eyes flashing-

YOUNG FRANKIE

You shut the fuck up! You shut the fuck up and you stay here or I do you too!

Young Frankie turns and hurries out and we TILT back to Ellen on the floor with Richie's body in her arms and the DOG BARKING frantically as it runs in circles-

EXT. RIVERSIDE OVERLOOK - DAY

Ellen sits on a bench now, holding her dog on its leash, tears running down her cheeks-

ELLEN

This investigation, review- whatever you call it-

She looks out over the water, trying not to cry-

ELLEN

Nothing you do is going to bring Richie back, is it?

EXT. DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY - AFTERNOON

Andy's CAR is stuck in bumper-to-bumper TRAFFIC on the DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY. Trees and bushes are starting to get their leaves back-

INT. CAR

Andy listens to a helicopter AFTERNOON TRAFFIC REPORT on the radio, distracted. Just ahead he sees-

POV - MAN, CADILLAC

A new-looking YELLOW CADILLAC pulls over onto the sidewalk. A sharply-dressed MAN gets out, carrying a small PAPER BAG-

CU ANDY

Andy sighs-

ANDY

You gotta be kidding me.

He turns the wheel sharply-

EXT. EXPRESSWAY

Andy pulls his car half onto the sidewalk as well, COMMUTERS HONKING as he passes them. He cruises behind, then passes the walking man. He stops, gets out of the car, walks toward him-

MAN

The Man averts his eyes as Andy approaches. He begins to WHISTLE tunelessly. Andy reaches into his jacket, starts to pull his badge out- the Man sprints away, crossing the expressway!

ANDY, SUSPECT

Andy sprints after the suspect, dodging cars, sprawling over hoods, a CHORUS of CAR HORNS greeting the chase!

SUSPECT

The suspect gets to the opposite sidewalk, slowing in his dude shoes, and cuts into a LUNCHEONETTE-

ANDY

We FOLLOW as Andy lurches after, throws open the door-

INT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Andy looks around quickly- the CASHIER points- we WHIP PAN to the rear of the store, see movement-

ANDY

Andy sprints, leaps- tackles the Man just before he can get out the back exit! CRASH! A rack of Fritos and potato chips goes flying. Andy has the Man, face down, pinned under his knees. Andy is breathing hard as he picks up the bag on the floor beside them, opens it-

ANDY (panting)
If this isn't your lunch- we're
going downtown--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

INVESTIGATORS APPLAUD as Andy enters the conference room-

ROLLINS
Hero Cop Nabs Coke Fiend!

PIERCE
What're you, bucking for Commissioner?

TOMMY

Jesus, Andy, leave the rough stuff to the rookies-

CHRIS

What was he carrying?

ANDY

Nine ounces.

PIERCE

Nine ounces in a brown paper bag. They don't have pockets where he comes from?

ROLLINS

Another episode from the files of The World's Dumbest Criminals.

Andy sits. He isn't amused-

ANDY

You want dumb? The guy had been picked up and released twice in the last month by New York's finest- that's us, gentlemen- despite the fact that he's an escapee from a South Carolina prison, doing life.

This sobers the guys up a bit-

ANDY

Some nitwit is in too much of a hurry to do a thirty-second cross-check-

ROLLINS (shrugs)

Somebody screwed up. What else is new?

ANDY

It made me think-

PIERCE

Uh-oh-

ANDY

That Frankie Koehler thing I've been playing with-

ROLLINS

The investigation that isn't really an investigation.

ANDY

Suppose somebody screwed up back in 1970? Or when they revisited it in '76?

TOMMY

They were all good cops-

ANDY

Suppose somebody shut a door that should have been left open because they were too tired or too lazy to make one more phone call, walk up one more flight of stairs-

ROLLINS

We've gone back over all the paperwork, Andy.

ANDY

There are avenues we haven't explored. There's got to be. We're not gonna get this done if we go at it half-assed. What's right is right-

TOMMY

You making it official?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Andy is giving an impassioned pitch to ADA STEVE SARACCO as he prepares for a session in court-

SARACCO

Twenty-seven years ago.

ANDY

Steve, you're the cold case man-

SARACCO

It's colder than most, Andy.

ANDY (showing fingers)

A- we know who did it. B- he has a history of lethal violence. C- there is absolutely no hard evidence of his death-

SARACCO

His relatives-

ANDY

Not one of them says they saw a body. His mother's there, 'My Frankie is such an ornery little bastard, if he hasn't murdered anyone lately he must have passed on.' What a crock. They're holding out on us.

SARACCO (shakes his head)

These characters get old, people get sentimental about them-

ANDY

This is a guy who gets pissed off at two totally innocent citizens, tricks them into a meet with him, pulls out his gun and-

SARACCO (sighs)

Okay.

ANDY (doesn't register)

-it's like the textbook definition of premeditated-

SARACCO

I said okay. The case is reopened.

ANDY

Yeah?

SARACCO

But a little discretion with the resources you throw at this thing, alright? We're not talking America's Most Wanted here.

ANDY

Hey- a cost-effective clearance. You know me.

SARACCO

That's what I'm worried about.

INT. HALLWAY - D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy walks with Tommy Pon-

TOMMY

How bout Lee Sturdevant?

ANDY

Up to his neck on the building trades case.

TOMMY

Rodney- ?

ANDY

I've got him tracking witnesses for Lomax.

TOMMY

I need somebody.

ANDY

What's the kid's name- the paralegal who's always asking questions- Chad?

TOMMY
Chris Donohue.

ANDY
You think he'd be up for it?

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris is exhilarated-

CHRIS
I really want to thank you for this
opportunity, Mr. Rosensweig-

Andy sits facing Tommy and Chris. The two boxes of murder
files sit between them-

ANDY
Found the pavement with this
character for a few months, then
thank me. Here's the job, fellas-

He nudges the boxes forward-

ANDY
You two are going through all these
D-D-5 reports, every last one of
them. You're gonna track down the
respondents, go over their stories
again.

EXT./INT. NEW YORK LOCATIONS - D-D-5 MONTAGE

We FOLLOW Tommy and Chris retracing the steps of the previous
investigations-

Knocking on doors-

Ringin' up to apartments-

ANDY (V.O.)
A lot of them have moved away, they
won't be home, won't want to talk,
some are gonna be dead-

The CALENDAR is flipped. MAY-

Tommy and Chris grilling people on the street-

Mary sits at her computer, long lists of NAMES and PHONE
NUMBERS scrolling on the screen-

We see Tommy and Chris interviewing people at their jobs-

Making phone calls-

ANDY (V.O.)
 It's like a maze- you head in one
 direction, hit a dead end- you
 retrace your steps and try another.

The CALENDAR is flipped. JUNE-

Andy and Mary sit in the SKYLINE DINER, Andy watching out the
 window as Mary watches Andy-

Chris and Tommy's FEET climbing flights and flights of STAIRS-

ANDY (V.O.)
 Maybe somebody isn't as afraid as
 they were twenty-seven years ago.
 Maybe somebody tells a different
 story, maybe there's a detail that
 was missed.

All is SUPERIMPOSED over D-D-5 FORMS being filled out in ECU,
 the phrase 'Negative Results' popping up again and again-

ANDY (V.O.)
 We got to grind this one out, fellas.
 We have to step on a few toes, well-
 we step on em.

We see a D-D-5 FORM clean in the frame. Tommy's hand
 appears, writes 'Negative Results' at the bottom one more
 time-

EXT. STREET - UNION SQUARE - DAY

We FOLLOW Kenny Koehler to a bench in Union Square. He sits
 by a MAN in his late 20's. A brown paper BAG lays beside the
 Man-

KENNY
 So you're the guy.

MAN
 Could be.

KENNY
 How much?

MAN
 Five hundred for a quarter.

KENNY
 Can I see it?

MAN
 In the bag.

Kenny peeks inside the bag-

KENNY

It any good?

The Man gives him a deadpan look. Kenny pulls his wallet out-

KENNY

Alright-

He hands the Man a wad of bills, takes the bag-

MAN

Before you go- I need to advise you
of something.

Kenny looks at the Man, then it dawns on him. He throws the
bag on the ground-

KENNY

Aw shit-

MAN

You have the right to remain silent.
You have the right-

INT. KENNY KOEHLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kenny steps in as Mother Koehler sits watching Oprah. The
MAN, DETECTIVE VASQUEZ, is using his cell phone. Mother
Koehler gives him a brief glance as Kenny goes to his room-

KENNY

Hey, Ma- you seen my wallet?

MOTHER KOEHLER

It's on your dresser. There's no
cash left in it though.

KENNY

I know.

MOTHER KOEHLER

Spend your money on that garbage,
don't leave me enough for cigarettes.

KENNY (O.S.)

You shouldn't smoke, Ma.

DETECTIVE VASQUEZ

Talking on his phone-

VASQUEZ

Tommy Pon.... Then who's this?...

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - CHRIS

Chris sits on the phone in Tommy Pon's crowded little cubicle-

CHRIS
 You've got who?..... Hey, that's
 terrific. Listen, would you do us a
 favor?

INT. KENNY KOEHLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vasquez looks over as Kenny emerges with his wallet-

VASQUEZ
 Yeah, I'll give it a try-

He calls to Kenny-

VASQUEZ
 You got an address book, Kenny? You
 might want to make a phone call when
 we get down there.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy is at his desk going through old D-D-5's and other
 records from the case. He pauses at one sheet of paper,
 begins to read softly-

ANDY (reading)
 'Richie Glennon- bullet wounds of
 arms, shoulder, thigh, chest, lungs
 and heart.'

He looks lower on the page-

ANDY (reading)
 Peter McGinn- bullet wounds of chest,
 arms, thigh, hand, heart, lungs,
 liver, intestines, right humerus and
 pelvis. Back of neck exhibits large
 round bruise, marked by seven grooves
 in a patterned imprint about one
 millimeter apart'-

A KNOCK and Chris enters-

CHRIS
 Mr. Rosensweig?

ANDY
 The son of a bitch bit him! Call me
 Andy-

CHRIS
 A guy in Vice at the One-Three came
 through for us. Thought you'd be
 interested.

He lays an ADDRESS BOOK on the desk in front of Andy-

ANDY (picks it up)
An address book-

CHRIS
Belongs to Kenny Koehler.

ANDY (already flipping through)
You're kiddin me-

CHRIS
They need it back in an hour, so I
made a copy.

ANDY (reading)
'Tex'.

CHRIS
What?

ANDY
There's a number in here for a 'Tex'.

He shuffles through a few papers, comes up with a want sheet
for Frankie-

ANDY
'Frank Gilbert Koehler- alias Dutch,
alias Scratchy, alias Tex- '

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH STREET - DAY

Tommy and Chris walk toward a HOUSING PROJECT-

CHRIS
I've never been out here.

TOMMY
You're shittin me.

CHRIS
Never been to the Statue of Liberty
either.

TOMMY
Only tourists go there. But Brighton
Beach-

CHRIS
This is like, what- Jewish people?

TOMMY
Russians now. Lot of other
nationalities mixed in. Typical New
York.

They walk silently for a moment-

CHRIS

You worked with him a long time?

TOMMY

Andy? Yeah- he brought me over from Organized Crime seven, eight years ago. I got tired of staking out the same wise guys. Wiretaps? You wouldn't believe what passes for conversation with these guys. You want break in, tell em 'Read a book, for Chrissakes, read a newspaper-'. Bunch of gavones.

CHRIS

He's pretty hyped about this thing.

TOMMY

Andy gets his teeth into something, he's like one of those pit bulls- they clamp down and they don't let go. Whack em with a stick, scream in their ear, cut their nuts off- forget about it.

CHRIS

Dogged.

TOMMY

Andy put the dog in dogged. But investigations, that's the job.

They've come to the first BUILDING of the project complex-

TOMMY

God, I hate working these places.

INT. STAIRWAY - TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Russian super, GEORGI, stands scrubbing GRAFFITI from the peeling walls in the stairway, SALSA playing loudly BELOW, RAP blasting from ABOVE-

GEORGI

Why I'm not knowing you guys?

TOMMY

We're from the Manhattan DA's office.

GEORGI

I'm knowing all the guys from precinct. Vice guys, homicide guys- once a week at least they're coming here. You know sideshow on Coney Island? Is nothing compared to what happens in this building.

CHRIS
We want to know about who lives in
6C.

GEORGI
You're sending them back?

CHRIS
Send them back where?

GEORGI
Wherever they're coming from where
everybody is killing everybody.
Former Yugoslavia, some bullshit like
that. Just off boat, don't speak
English language-

CHRIS
They just got here?

GEORGI
Three months paid in advance. Friday
is due again, fifty-fifty they can't
cough up rent.

TOMMY
Was there a guy named Tex lived there
before?

GEORGI
Tex is bye-bye. Incarcerated.

TOMMY
For what?

GEORGI
Selling crazy-weed. Is colored guy,
Tex.

Chris and Tommy exchange a look. Dead end-

GEORGI
Has got- how do you say? Like a
field on head-

TOMMY
Cornrows.

CHRIS
Well- thank you for your assistance.

GEORGI
So you're not sending them back?

There is a loud CRASH and a MAN YELLING CURSES from
downstairs-

TOMMY
If they can make it here my hat goes
off to them.

GEORGI (grins)
God bless America.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Andy and Mary are SLOW-DANCING on the ballroom floor at a racket for a retiring officer. COPS of various ranks and ages circulate from table to table, joking, telling war stories-

ANDY
'Surgically disarticulated.'

MARY
What's that mean exactly?

ANDY
The torso that washed up on Staten Island had been relieved of its joints in a manner suggesting a certain level of professional skill-

MARY
This is your doctor.

ANDY
He figures it's the body cavity that fills with gas and surfaces if the fish don't eat it. But without a head, without arms and legs-

Mary gives a tight smile, looks around the floor-

MARY
All we need is moonlight.

ANDY (realizes)
Oh. Sorry. Talking shop again.

The SONG ENDS, couples relaxing-

ANDY
I get you anything from the bar?

MARY
No, I'm fine. Just don't leave me stranded.

Andy waves to a few people as he crosses to the bar-

DETECTIVE
Hey, Andy. I hear you're next.

ANDY
Afraid so-

A burly Detective CAPTAIN intercepts him-

CAPTAIN
Didn't we tell you?

ANDY
Tell me what?

CAPTAIN
That Frankie Koehler deal. The man
is dead.

ANDY
There's still no proof that-
The Captain pokes Andy in the chest for emphasis-

CAPTAIN
Somebody clears a case, you don't go
prying it open again. I don't care
who you work for.

The Captain moves on. Andy comes to DAVE, the honoree of the
racket, a detective in his mid-sixties-

ANDY
Dave, hey- congratulations. They'll
have a hard time replacing you.

DAVE
Bullshit. I heard a rumor you're
gonna make a break for it too.

ANDY
I've been considering it-

DAVE
Say you're gonna open a book store.

ANDY (uncomfortable)
It's a ways off. I got some loose
ends to tie up.

DAVE
Don't wait too long. I stayed in the
harness way past my time.

ANDY
Hey, you could go out there tomorrow
and clean house.

DAVE (laughs)
I can't see em anymore, Andy, how can
I collar em?

BANDSTAND - LATER

The band playing another SONG-

TABLE, ANDY

Andy watches Mary chatting in a group of law enforcement WOMEN. He's had a few drinks in honor of the occasion. Chris Donahue comes up. He's had a few as well. He points to the table he's just come from, where Dave is being toasted by retired cops from his generation-

CHRIS
Terrific character, this guy. The stories-

ANDY
Dave was a hell of a cop. He was a narcotics detective when I was in uniform.

CHRIS
I can't imagine you in uniform.

ANDY
1966. They yanked us right out of the Academy and threw us on the streets. That's how desperate things were.

CHRIS
Jeez-

ANDY
There I am in Times Square, no partner, no walkie, totally clueless and someone tells me 'Officer, there's a man causing trouble up the street'.

We TIGHTEN on Andy-

ANDY
All of a sudden I'm it, the buck stops with me. I find the guy, he's a defensive tackle, enormous guy, and he's harassing people. No physical contact, just ragging on em, being a pain in the ass.

CHRIS
Disorderly conduct.

ANDY
Yeah, I could have pinched him for that but I'm green and I'm scared.
(more)

ANDY

I say 'Hey, knock it off and move along.' He tells me to fuck myself or words to that effect. I get as close as I dare and I tell him I'm gonna walk around the block and if he's still there when I get back I'm gonna lock him up.

CHRIS

Did he move on?

ANDY

I don't know. I walked away and I didn't come back.

They are quiet for a moment-

ANDY

I go off duty, I'm at this bar Chambers, knocking em back, I see Dave there. He's a gold shield detective, but I knew him growing up, he's one of the reasons I got the idea to join the force. We have a couple and we have a couple more and finally I tell him the story with this guy. He just looks at me. 'You can't fuckin do that,' he says. 'There's other careers you could go into. But if you're a cop, people depend on you. You let people down today.'

Andy puts his hand down by the floor-

ANDY

I felt that tall. But I never took another step backwards.

CHRIS

It's a lot of resposibilty.

ANDY

Yeah.

They are silent for a long moment, Andy brooding. Chris puts a hand on Andy's shoulder. He is drunk but very sincere-

CHRIS

We're gonna find this Frankie, boss. We're gonna nail him.

ANDY (grins)

That's the way to think, kid. Go get em.

We slowly FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY - CU CALENDAR

Andy flips a page. JULY. We TIGHTEN on the LAST DAY!!
reminder-

ANDY

Andy turns to the various papers tacked up on his wall from a dozen different cases. He starts to pull a few down-

Andy uncovers the mug shot of Frank Koehler. He stares at it-

TOMMY (O.S.)

We put the shoe leather in, Andy.

Andy crosses to Tommy and Chris, standing at the KOEHLER FAMILY TREE. Andy studies it with them. Several names that ended in ? have been written over with 'DECEASED'. Others have addresses written under them-

CHRIS

We asked the same questions, we got the same answers.

TOMMY

The trail stops in the lobby of Pete McGinn's apartment.

A silence. Andy sits on the edge of his desk, staring at the family tree, discouraged-

ANDY (musing)

So maybe Frankie has a heart attack in some men's hotel, gets hit by a bus-

TOMMY

The authorities bury a John Doe. Or a phony name and they can't trace any relatives.

ANDY

Could be.

Another silence-

ANDY

Could be he's planted in a Potter's Field somewhere. Laughing at us.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Andy rides down the elevator with Mary. She can see he's in low spirits-

MARY (softly)
I was kind of in the mood for sushi today.

ANDY
Sushi.

MARY
Something notably absent from the menu at the Skylight Diner.

ANDY
Mmmmm.

Mary can't tell if that's a yes or a no. Andy is lost in thought-

ANDY
Frankie Koehler wouldn't be caught dead eating raw fish.

MARY
Hey- people change. He might have gone New Age on us.

ANDY
New Age Frankie-

Andy ponders this a moment-

ANDY
Finds a pokey little town, good view of the ocean---

MARY
Maybe he's learned how to sail-

ANDY
There were some relatives on the West Coast, weren't there?

MARY
Nephews. San Francisco area. The brothers McMullen.

ANDY
San Francisco, huh? Did we ever run them for criminal convictions?

MARY
No.

ANDY (quietly)
Jeez, that might be something-

BING! The elevator hits the ground floor and the door opens. A trio of OFFICE WORKERS wait for them to stop. Mary just holds the door for them-

MARY
We're going back up.

The Office Workers step in, Mary punches her floor button.
Andy looks at her as the door closes-

ANDY
I didn't mean we had to-

MARY (smiling)
There's a Japanese place that
delivers.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The WARDEN of a California state prison sits at his desk,
talking on the phone. Through the window behind him we see
CONVICTS out on the EXERCISE YARD-

WARDEN (reading from file)
McMullen, Kevin James- we've got
burglary, assault, arson- that's
what he's in for now-

INT. MARY'S WORKSPACE

Andy is on Mary's phone, Mary listening from her computer
station-

ANDY
What I'd love you to do for us is
monitor his phone calls for awhile-

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

WARDEN
They're pretty careful with what they
say. We've got a sign right there on
the wall by the phones- 'These calls
are being taped'----- Yeah, sure,
some of them talk anyway--- An uncle?

INT. MARY'S WORK SPACE - DAY

ANDY
Uncle Frankie. Hell, Uncle Anybody-
the guy we're looking for has been on
the run a long time, he's probably
got a half-dozen names----- Right.
Right. Hey, I really appreciate
this. Talk to you soon.

Andy hangs up-

ANDY

They can send us cassettes of all his calls. This nephew Brian is a full-time criminal-

MARY

Let's hope he misses his family.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Andy is pulling the vinyl covers off the rigging of his small SAILBOAT in the Newport MARINA. A man in his early 60's, KELSO, stands on the pier decking chatting with him. Kelso clearly has a lot of time on his hands-

KELSO

You're from the city. The Big Apple.

ANDY

How can you tell?

KELSO

Got that Big Apple thing going for you. Spot it a mile away.

ANDY

I'll have to try to tone it down.

KELSO

So you moved out here.

ANDY

Planning to move.

KELSO

Stockbroker, right?

ANDY

Police.

KELSO

Really? Wow. Throwing those crackheads into the pokey.

ANDY

Something like that.

Andy continues to work-

KELSO

You know who make the best murderers?

ANDY (working)

Who?

KELSO
Doctors. It's because they're
intimately acquainted with death.
They've got access to medicines that
can stop your heart, cause a seizure,
whatever, and they're not squeamish.

ANDY
You might have a point there.

Kelso eyes the boat-

KELSO
Nice little outfit.

ANDY
Thanks.

KELSO
Ever shoot anybody?

Andy answers patiently-

ANDY
Once.

KELSO
Kill him?

ANDY
He was wearing a miraculous medal-
one of those Catholic things on a
little chain- and it deflected the
bullet.

KELSO
Bet you were pretty relieved about
that.

ANDY
Not as relieved as he was.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT BAY - DAY - WIDE SHOT

Andy's small SAILBOAT maneuvers around Rose Island with the
Newport Bridge in the BG-

SAILBOAT - ANDY

Andy is running with the wind, reminiscing as he handles the
wheel with one hand-

RICHIE (V.O.)
I figure there's enough trouble in
the world, you don't need to go
looking for it.

INT. BAR - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

We're in a dim-lit bar, at the pool tables in the back. Richie Glennon shoots a nice stick, looking up at us now and then as he moves around the table-

RICHIE

If somebody comes at you, though, you hold your ground. Back down out there and everybody figures you're an easy touch, and the bullshit will never end.

He sinks a bank shot-

RICHIE

You stand up, even if you take a pounding, they got to think about what it's gonna cost em to go after you again.

He hits a slow shot that teeters on the pocket but doesn't fall. He grins-

RICHIE

I mean what're they gonna do, kill you?

EXT. CITY STREET - ANDY'S CAR

Andy drives Chris through downtown-

ANDY (V.O.)

I was an active guy, for a uniform cop I made a lot of busts.

INT. CAR - DAY

ANDY

Paid attention, kept turning corners, never got too predictable.

CHRIS

Drug busts?

ANDY

Some. You get a mental geography of your beat- who's affiliated with who, who's just back on the street, who's out of their neighborhood, looking for trouble.

CHRIS

So you miss it?

ANDY

Yeah, well- I get out as much as I can, more than they'd probably like me to. Riding a desk you get the overview, but the real skill is in recognizing the details. If you're good enough, maybe you keep some bad things from happening.

Andy sees something ahead, pulls over-

ANDY

Let's see what we got here.

CRIME SCENE

A pair of POLICE CRUISERS flash outside a BODEGA down the street, a crowd gathering-

CLOSER

Uniformed OFFICERS are taping off the entrance of the bodega. The crowd buzzes with speculation as DETECTIVES interview a few very animated WITNESSES. The WIFE of a victim is being comforted by a POLICEWOMAN, crying out hysterically as she holds her two-year-old DAUGHTER in her arms. The Daughter is WEeping-

ANDY

We HOLD on Andy. He watches the wife-

WIFE - ANDY'S POV

The woman is in her early 20's. She is totally unhinged, keening with grief as her husband's BODY, covered by a plastic sheet, is brought out from the bodega on a stretcher-

WIFE

Le mataron! Le mataron! Le mataron
a mi marido!

INT. CAR

On their way from the crime scene. Andy drives silently for a moment-

ANDY

Who speaks for the dead?

Chris looks confused-

CHRIS

The dead-

ANDY

People remember or they don't, life goes on, there's new priorities, new dramas to deal with. The public have a short attention span, they don't want to get stuck in the past. So who speaks for the dead if we don't?

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris, Tommy Pon and Joe Pennisi sit listening to a CASSETTE TAPE with Andy. The VOICE of BRIAN MCMULLEN sounds compressed as he speaks into the prison phone to his WIFE-

BRIAN (tape)

You sold it?

WIFE (tape)

I told you, it was making noises.

BRIAN (tape)

What kind of noises?

WIFE (tape)

Bad noises. Noises a car shouldn't make.

BRIAN (tape)

And what the fuck do you know about cars?

WIFE (tape)

I know that when you turn them on there's noises they should make and noises they shouldn't make.

BRIAN (tape)

That's what mechanics are for.

WIFE (tape)

I'm gonna pay him with what?

BRIAN (tape)

I can't believe you sold my fuckin car-

WIFE (tape)

It was a piece of shit, you said so yourself.

BRIAN

It was my piece of shit! You had no right!

Tommy leans over and switches the MACHINE OFF-

TOMMY

He calls her once a week, they snipe at each other for fifteen minutes. Calls his bookie three times a week, they talk twice as long.

JOE

Anything good?

TOMMY (deadpan)

He hit a trifecta for seventy-five dollars last Saturday.

ANDY

But no mention of an uncle?

TOMMY

Not so far.

ANDY (disappointed)

Well- stay on it a while longer.

A silence between them. Tommy is a little uncomfortable as he speaks-

TOMMY

You know, just cause it's your last week doesn't--- I mean, no matter who comes in after you we'll make the pitch to keep this alive.

JOE

Steve Saracco's behind it-

CHRIS

And on our own time-

ANDY

On your own time you go home and have a life. This is a job fellas. We do what we can, but beyond that-

Mary steps in-

JOE

Mary- they unchained you from your desk.

MARY

Time off for good behavior.

She turns to Andy-

MARY

You know what Friday is?

Andy thinks for a moment, then winces-

ANDY (sheepish)
Our Anniversary.

MARY
That was last Friday.

ANDY
Aw, geez, I'm sorry-

MARY
Friday- July the 24th-

Andy thinks for a moment, looks at her-

ANDY
His birthday. Frankie Koehler's
birthday.

TOMMY
I feel like we should get him
something.

Andy starts to free-associate-

ANDY
Let's say you're an old guy, a long
way from your roots, only a couple
relatives living near you-

MARY
You like a good party-

ANDY
And you got these nephews-

Mary turns to look at the Koehler family tree on the wall-

ANDY
The other one, the one who's not in
the joint-

Mary puts her finger on the name-

MARY
Daniel.

Andy looks up at the wall calendar-

JOE
There's no way, Andy. You're in
court all day Friday for the
racketeering again, then Monday we've
got the showdown with the state
prosecutor over jurisdiction-

ANDY
Dammit-

Andy crosses to the mug shot of Frankie Koehler, decides-

ANDY

Tommy, how'd you like to take the kid here for a trip to sunny California?

CHRIS (surprised)

Like fly out?

ANDY

You afraid of planes?

CHRIS

No, I just-- can we afford that?

JOE

This is an extreme long shot, Andy.

ANDY (smiles)

Honey, what's the town again?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CU ROAD MAP - DAY

We see Tommy's finger pointing to the town of Benicia on a Road Atlas MAP-

MARY (V.O.)

'Benicia, California'.

TOMMY (O.S.)

It's twenty, twenty-five miles north of San Francisco-

EXT. BENICIA - VARIOUS SHOTS

Beautiful bridge.

Pokey little town with a great view of the water.

TOMMY (V.O.)

-on the other side of the Bay. You go up through Berkeley and all that, cross this little bridge, it's like a miniature Golden Gate-

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - VERY EARLY MORNING

Tommy is on the phone in a BOOTH in front of an ANTIQUE STORE on Benicia's main drag, the Road Atlas spread in front of him-

TOMMY

-and you get to this little town. It's like- cute, you know?

(more)

TOMMY

Like the town in the Hitchcock movie
before the birds start pecking
everybody to death? On the water and
all----- Yeah, we picked up the
local FBI guy-- French, Pete French-

We SHIFT to see Chris on the street in the BG, chatting with
PETE FRENCH-

TOMMY

No, he's fine, no attitude. It's the
weekend, right, the other guys from
his office went home, but he's still
young and gung-ho---- We're heading
over to the nephew's now-

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE

Andy is on the phone, Mary sitting on the edge of his desk-

ANDY

You be careful out there-- Yeah, if
it's after six your time you can
catch me at home.

Andy hangs up-

MARY

You wish you were out there.

ANDY (shrugs)

I trained those guys. They'll be
fine.

EXT. DANNY MCMULLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Tommy, Chris and Pete French sit in a CAR parked across and
slightly down the street from a group of BUNGALOW APARTMENTS,
watching-

CHRIS

It's just that he's thorough, Andy.
He exhausts the possibilities.

TOMMY

Not to mention exhausting his
detectives.

CHRIS

Hey, what's right is right. You're
gonna do the job, do it.

TOMMY (smiles)

You're starting to sound like him.

Pete French is a little bored-

FRENCH

Are these guys gonna have a birthday party or not?

TOMMY (sees)

If they are, I don't think these are the guests-

A pair of local PATROL CARS pull up in front of the bungalows-
EXT. BENICIA STREET - DAY

Pete French surreptitiously shows his FBI ID to a PATROLMAN waiting by the PATROL CAR as three others lead DANNY McMULLEN out of the bungalow in handcuffs. Danny is tattooed and wearing no shirt and SWEARING a blue streak-

FRENCH

Hey- what's the beef here?

PATROLMAN

Punch and Judy action. Guy gets drunk, beats up his girlfriend.

FRENCH

That's Danny McMullen, right?

ACROSS THE STREET

Tommy and Chris try to blend in with the NEIGHBORS who have come out to watch the bust-

NEIGHBOR

Ought to lock him up and throw away the key.

CHRIS

He been in trouble before?

NEIGHBOR

Cruisers are out front once a month at least. The landlord's been trying to evict him-

TOMMY

The landlord-

INT. LANDLORD'S OFFICE

The landlord, MUKARJEE, an Indian man in his 60's, looks through his records as the detectives wait-

MUKARJEE

He is a very obstreperous person. I feel sorrow for the woman.

TOMMY

Would you remember him getting a visit from any family?

MUKARJEE

I do not pry into the affairs of my tenants. However-

He puts a finger on a line in his records-

MUKARJEE

I have recorded here two references from the day this young man paid his deposit. One is a 'Mr. Leland Purvis-Employer' and the other is a 'Mr. Frank O' Grady'

TOMMY

Frank O'Grady-

MUKARJEE

'Uncle'.

Chris and Tommy exchange a look-

CHRIS

Address?

MUKARJEE

He resides at the Benicia Inn-

EXT. BENICIA INN

We cruise down a pretty, palm-lined street to pass the Benicia Inn, a low, somewhat funky wooden apartment building. An abandoned plastic hot-wheels bike is upturned on the steps leading up to the covered porch-

FRENCH (O.S.)

That's it.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Ought to have a 'John Dillinger Slept Here' sign out front.

INT. CAR - DETECTIVES - DAY

Tommy drives the rental car as they cruise down the block a ways-

TOMMY

Last thing Andy said to me is that if this is our guy he'll be loaded for bear.

FRENCH

Twenty-seven years, he's gonna be
lucky if he can remember who he is.

SIDE OF BUILDING

Tommy and Chris, hug the wall as they approach a side apartment door. Tommy has his pistol drawn. We PAN to see Pete French on the other side of the door, also armed and ready. He nods. Tommy KNOCKS on the door. We hear HEAVY-METAL MUSIC playing inside but nobody answers. Tommy BANGS on the door. A moment, then it opens and there stands a skinny guy in his late 30's, MIKEY. He's just out of the shower, hair still wet, wearing only a towel-

MIKEY

Yeah?

His eyes go down to the guns before the investigators can stow them away-

TOMMY

Is Frank O'Grady here?

MIKEY

No- he's not-

CHRIS

You a friend of his?

MIKEY

I'm his nephew. He said I could stay here-

TOMMY

Right. When are you expecting him back?

MIKEY

Jeez, I don't know. He's down in Reno with his girlfriend, gambling.

TOMMY

In Reno-

MIKEY

Yeah. It's his birthday.

The investigators exchange a look. After so long they can scarcely believe it-

TOMMY

His birthday, huh?

MIKEY

Can I tell him who's looking for him?

INT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary clears dinner dishes as Andy talks on the phone-

ANDY

He just said it like that, 'It's his birthday?'----- And this kid, the nephew-

INT. CAFE - EVENING

Tommy is on the phone in the back of the In The Company of Wolves Cafe, an espresso bar with pictures of wolves and noble-looking Native American warriors on the brick walls-

TOMMY

The minute he closed that door, I'm sure he ran to the phone and put the word in with his uncle. We blew our cover-

INT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - KITCHEN

Mary is hanging by Andy now, eager to hear the update-

ANDY

Hey- you proved he was alive. That's what we wanted. We're going to get this guy.

INT. CAFE

We can see Chris and Pete French at a table behind him-

TOMMY

But he knows we're on to him, Andy. He's long gone by now-

TABLE

Chris and Pete French pick sprouts out of their sandwiches as they talk-

CHRIS

A town like this, a guy like him has got to stick out-

FRENCH

What was he, Brooklyn?

CHRIS

Hell's Kitchen. An accent like that you don't lose.

WAITER

New York Frankie.

The WAITER, a New Age type in his early 20's, clears the table beside them-

CHRIS
What?

WAITER
You're talking about New York
Frankie. 'The Mayor of Downtown'.

FRENCH
You know him?

WAITER
Everybody knows Frankie. He starts
here with coffee in the morning,
works his way down First Street to
the Union Hotel-

CHRIS
The Union Hotel-

Tommy returns to their table, despondent-

TOMMY
He's trying to sound positive about
it, but I can tell he's bummed out-

CHRIS (interrupts)
Hey Tommy- this guy knows New York
Frankie.

Tommy looks to the waiter, smiles, immediately falling into
character-

TOMMY
No shit.

INT. BAR - UNION HOTEL - EVENING

A beautiful old wooden bar with a stained-glass windows in
front. The three investigators are chatting with a BARTENDER
over beers-

BARTENDER
Frankie? Sure- surprised I haven't
seen him today. He's usually in here
shootin the breeze after that so-
called job he's got at the old
Tannery Building next door. Some
kind of janitor gig.

CHRIS
Old guy- ?

WAITER
He's vintage, Frankie. It's like
having Jimmy Cagney in your place-
the stories he tells. His girlfriend
used to waitress here, way back when-

TOMMY
He's not married?

BARTENDER
Officially, yeah, but they split up
about a year ago and he's been living
with this girlfriend over at the
Benicia Inn. Real ladies' man-

EXT. BENICIA INN - NIGHT

The detectives sit in their car across from the Benicia Inn
again, waiting. Tommy gives the nod as a woman in her 50's,
DOLORES, pulls up outside and heads for Frankie's door-

CLOSER - DOLORES

Dolores fumbles in her bag looking for her key. The
detectives appear, flanking her-

FRENCH
Dolores Kenyon?

Dolores is startled-

DOLORES
Yes?

FRENCH
I'm from the FBI, M'am. We're
looking for Frank O'Grady.

TOMMY
We understand you were with him today.

Tommy and Pete French both show her their ID badges-

DOLORES
We were in Reno.

FRENCH
Where is he now?

DOLORES (shaken)
He- he got a call when we were at the
motel. He said there was some
business he had to take care of and
that I should come back here on my
own.

TOMMY
That's all? Take care of some
business?

DOLORES
He seemed upset.

CHRIS
Upset about what?

DOLORES (stonewalling)
If he wanted me to know he would have told me.

INT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy sits alone in the living room, LIGHTS OUT, brooding. A LIGHT comes ON in the hallway behind him, Mary appears, dressed for bed-

MARY
Andy?

ANDY
Yeah.

MARY
They'll call if anything happens. No matter how late it is.

ANDY
We spooked him. Nobody's had so much as a sniff of this guy for twenty-seven years and we get so close his coffee's still warm and then-

MARY
They'll call.

ANDY (musing)
Why'd I wait so long? I've been chief investigator how many years? I could have reopened the case the minute I got the job.

MARY
And what would be different?

Andy gets up, starts to pace-

ANDY
The whole time I'm sitting on my hands Frankie Koehler is out there drinking cappuccino! Soaking up the sun, living the good life- he was selling antiques. Two men are dead and he's in Margaritaville peddling Hoosier cabinets!

Andy realizes he's shouting. He spreads his arms ou

ANDY
This is ridiculous, right? Caring so much about this-

Mary kisses him-

MARY
It's the first thing that got me
interested in you. Caring so much.

Andy looks at her, appreciating the support-

ANDY
No way I can sleep. I'm gonna go out
for a while.

EXT. ROSENSWEIG HOUSE - NIGHT

Andy walks out onto the driveway, pondering. He decides,
gets into his car-

EXT. CONNOLLY'S RESTAURANT - LATE NIGHT

Andy stands in front of the former Channel Seven bar and
restaurant, now in business under the name Connolly's. We
TIGHTEN on his face as he moves up to press his face to the
WINDOW of the bar, looking in-

INT. CHANNEL SEVEN - ANDY'S POV - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It is 1970, the bar full of regulars, a little before 8pm.
We ZOOM IN TOWARD Richie Glennon, Pete McGinn and Young
Frankie sitting at the counter-

CLOSER

We're at the bar with the guys-

YOUNG FRANKIE
You wouldn't believe this girl-
really loves to put out-

RICHIE (joking)
She must if she's doing it with a
mutt like you.

Young Frankie shoots a quick look at Richie-

PETE
What does she do, this girl?

YOUNG FRANKIE
You mean in bed?

PETE (laughs)
We'll get to that later. I mean does
she have a job or what?

YOUNG FRANKIE
She's a hostess at Maxwell's Plum
over there.

PETE
Like Jimmy Dolan's girl.

YOUNG FRANKIE
She is Jimmy Dolan's girl.

RICHIE (shakes his head)
Aw, man, Frankie-

PETE
Jimmy Dolan is in the joint-

YOUNG FRANKIE
Of course he's in the joint. You
think I'd be screwing his girl if he
was out in the world?

PETE
Jimmy's a friend of yours-

YOUNG FRANKIE
What do you care? She's not your
girl-

PETE
It's an issue of loyalty. The poor
guy has-

YOUNG FRANKIE
Hey, fuck him if he can't stay out of
jail!

PETE
It just seems kind of low-

Young Frankie is starting to get really mad really fast-

YOUNG FRANKIE
You saying I'm low?

RICHIE (enjoying it)
The lowest.

YOUNG FRANKIE (snaps)
You stay outa this!

PETE
Yeah, screwing your friend's girl
while he is incarcerated would be my
definition of about as low as you can
get.

YOUNG FRANKIE
Who the fuck are you to judge me?

PETE
What would you do if Jimmy was
getting it on with your girl?

Young Frankie spits in Pete's face-

YOUNG FRANKIE
That's what I'd fuckin do, you
scumbag sonofabitch!

RICHIE
Aw, Frankie-

Pete is not amused. He wipes his face with a handkerchief,
dead-eyes Young Frankie-

PETE
Outside.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The men are on the sidewalk in front of the bar. WHAP! Pete
hits Young Frankie in the chest with the heels of his hands,
knocking him back a couple feet. PEDESTRIANS and AFTER-
THEATER TYPES stop on the street to watch, joining a few BAR
PATRONS who have come out-

PETE
You want a piece of me?

WHAP! He knocks him back again-

PETE
You want a piece of me, you got it,
pal-

Richie leans on the wall, watching, entertained-

RICHIE
I'm glad you guys can settle this in
a mature fashion-

Young Frankie charges, throwing hard punches and kicks,
CURSING all the while, but Pete has a huge advantage in reach
and stiff-arms Frankie to keep him off-

PETE
Come on, come on- show me something,
you little fuck-

Young Frankie lunges, wrapping Pete up and beginning to gouge
and bite-

RICHIE
Whoah, whoah- no thumbs, no teeth!

Pete disentangles himself and POP! catches Young Frankie with
a hard punch as he's coming back in! POP! POP! POP! POP!

Pete has obviously boxed a little and Young Frankie is out of his weight class. WHAM! Pete flattens Frankie with a straight right! Frankie stays down, holding his mouth, glaring up at Pete and Richie, who is laughing as he steps between them-

RICHIE
I'm gonna have to stop this fellas,
as much fun as it's been-

Pete heads in to the restaurant, touching the back of his neck-

PETE
He bit me! The little bastard bit me!

RICHIE (following)
You better wash it good, Pete. No
telling what you could pick up-

We PAN to Young Frankie on the sidewalk, glaring after them-

YOUNG FRANKIE
Fuckin scumbag bastard-

INT. CHANNEL SEVEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Richie and Ellen sit at the end of the bar now, fewer PATRONS still knocking them back. It is close to 11pm. A TV over the bar shows news footage of Frank Sinatra leaving a Grand Jury session-

ELLEN
So he's dangerous?

RICHIE
Frankie? I don't know- he's hooked
up with guys who are plenty dangerous-

ELLEN
Why do you hang out with people like
that?

RICHIE (shrugs)
He's a character. He's got a bad
temper sure, but- jeez, the look on
this guy's face when Pete decked him-

ELLEN
Pete hit him?

RICHIE
Hit him, hit him back- it was a
fight. He went down like a load of
bricks.

YOUNG FRANKIE (O.S.)
Richie.

They turn to see Young Frankie standing by the table, fat lip, contrite attitude-

RICHIE
Frankie.

YOUNG FRANKIE
I don't know what got into me Richie-
I feel real bad about that deal with
Pete.

INT. ELEVATOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Riding the elevator. Ellen uneasily glances over at Frankie, deadpan-

RICHIE
This is Ellen, by the way.

ELLEN
Hi.

YOUNG FRANKIE
Nice to meet you.

RICHIE
I was just telling her about your
little altercation there. You know
Pete was Police Athletic champ back
in the Bronx. Would have gone on to
the Golden Gloves only his mother
said she'd swallow arsenic first.

A silence as Young Frankie deadpans him. The BING of the
elevator as floors pass-

RICHIE
That kind of thing, who knows how it
starts, huh? One minute you're just
shootin the breeze, next thing you
know it's World War Three.

The elevator door OPENS, they step out in the hallway on the
fourth floor-

RICHIE
Ellen maybe you should wait out here-
it won't be but a minute or two.
(shrugs)
You know- guy stuff.

Ellen waits as Richie and Young Frankie continue down the
hall-

DOORWAY

Pete appears at the door in a bathrobe. He is not happy to
see Young Frankie with Richie-

PETE (to Richie)
What's this?

RICHIE
Frankie wants to bury the hatchet.
He asked could I bring him up here-

PETE
Alright. Come in.

The door closes on them. We PAN back to Ellen. She fishes through her handbag, pulls out her cigarettes, takes one out, finds her lighter-

INT. MCGINN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete's huge IRISH SETTER trots up to sniff the newcomers-

PETE
Have a seat.

Frankie sits on the couch. Richie remains standing-

Pete- YOUNG FRANKIE

PETE
First of all, you don't fucking spit at people.

YOUNG FRANKIE
I was out of line.

Pete sits at the other end of the couch, the dog nuzzling

PETE
So you got a temper. I got a temper,
Richie's got a temper, everybody's
got a temper-

RICHIE
Some people got control of it, some
don't.

YOUNG FRANKIE (warning Richie)
This isn't your business.

PETE
I was expressing an opinion about
your behavior. You don't want to
hear people's opinions, you don't go
bragging in public about who you're
screwing-

YOUNG FRANKIE (slightly threa
I shouldn't have got so sore, but
there's some business we got to deal
with here-

PETE

As far as I'm concerned it's finished.

YOUNG FRANKIE

Well it's not finished for me.

PETE

That's your problem.

RICHIE

Biting somebody- what is that?

YOUNG FRANKIE

Will you stay the fuck outa this?

RICHIE

Hey, you asked me to bring you up here-

YOUNG FRANKIE

Just shut the fuck up!

RICHIE

Consider yourself very lucky you were messing with Pete here and not me-

YOUNG FRANKIE

Is that right, Mr. Tough Guy?

Young Frankie stands and in one motion pulls a pistol from his pocket and BLAM! Richie staggers back, holding his stomach, stunned. Frankie is furious but methodical in his violence. He steps toward Richie-

YOUNG FRANKIE

Does that hurt?

Richie doesn't answer-

YOUNG FRANKIE

Try this-

BLAM! BLAM! He shoots Richie twice in the chest! Richie goes down and Young Frankie is there kicking his body again and again-

YOUNG FRANKIE

How's that feel, huh? You still a tough guy?

PETE

What did you do? What did you do to him?

Pete has risen from the couch, stepping toward Richie, so stunned that he isn't thinking about himself-

PETE

What did you do?

Young Frankie turns-

YOUNG FRANKIE
You're not gonna make it.

BLAM! He shoots Pete point-blank! Pete crumples to his knees-

PETE
Jesus-

Pete goes over on his face, writhing on the floor. Frankie bends over him-

YOUNG FRANKIE
So you thought this was a fucking joke, you scumbag?

BLAM! BLAM! Young Frankie shoots Pete twice in the back! The dog is BARKING hysterically now, jumping around. Young Frankie steps toward the door- BLAM! BLAM! Firing twice into Richie's body as he passes, barely looking at him. Ellen throws the door open, sees Richie-

ELLEN
Richie!

Ellen runs to Richie, sprawled on the floor, dying. Ellen kneels by him, tries to lift him up-

ELLEN
Richie! What happened?

YOUNG FRANKIE
You shut up!

We TILT rapidly up to Frankie, his eyes flashing-

YOUNG FRANKIE
You shut the fuck up! You shut the fuck up and you stay here or I do you too!

Frankie turns and hurries out and we TILT back to Ellen on the floor with Richie's body in her arms and the DOG BARKING frantically as it runs in circles-

CU RICHIE

The light goes out of his eyes as he dies-

ELLEN
Richie- Richie, please-

INT. LOBBY - MCGINN'S BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The elevator door opens and Young Frankie hurries out past the DOORMAN, averting his face-

EXT. MCGINN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Young Frankie steps out into the night. We HOLD, watching as he trots through traffic and PASSERSBY, eventually disappearing from view. We SHIFT slightly and there is Andy, staring out at the now-EMPTY STREET-

ANDY

No you don't.

EXT. BENICIA INN - VERY EARLY MORNING

Pete French, tired and unshaven, raps insistently on the door of Frankie's apartment. Dolores Kenyon answers it in her nightgown, sleepy-eyed. She is not happy to see him-

FRENCH

Mrs. Kenyon. You remember me?

DOLORES

It's five-thirty--

She looks past him for the others-

FRENCH

The other gentlemen have gone back to New York to file their reports. But I thought it was important to give you one more opportunity.

DOLORES

Opportunity for what?

FRENCH

Well, we've got accessory to murder, aiding and abetting a criminal in unlawful flight to avoid prosecution, which is a Federal offense-

DOLORES (worried)

You'd charge me?

FRENCH (sighs theatrically)

We'd have no choice but to prosecute vigorously. Whether Mr. Koehler- or Mr. O'Grady as you know him- is apprehended or whether he decides to turn himself in, your role in his attempted escape-

DOLORES

I just let him out of the car. Since when is that a crime?

French is careful not to jerk the line too hard now that he's got her hooked-

FRENCH

You gave him a ride somewhere?

Dolores realizes she's slipped up. She hesitates-

DOLORES

Yes.

FRENCH

And where did you let him off?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - MORNING

We FOLLOW Andy into the LOBBY and toward the elevators. An Assistant DA calls as he passes-

ADA 3

Andy, hey- I need a transcript of those wiretaps before you bail out on us-

ANDY

No problem.

ADA 3

We're up to our ears and you're going sailing.

ANDY

That's life.

Andy's smile fades as he steps away, sees Chris and Tommy waiting for him by the elevators. The investigators look pretty down-

ANDY

I give them two weeks, they won't remember my name.

TOMMY

Morning, boss.

ANDY

How was your flight?

The two can barely speak, they're so bummed-

CHRIS

We blew it, didn't we?

TOMMY

We're really sorry, Andy. We thought-

ANDY

What are you sorry for? You proved he's still breathing, we know he's in contact with family-

The elevator door slides open and another Assistant DA steps out-

ADA 1 (passing)
Andy! Hey, I thought you shipped out already-

ANDY
It's my last week.

ADA 1
Lucky man.

Chris is still shaking his head as they step in and the door slides shut-

TOMMY
We talked to the wife, talked to the girlfriend, talked to the half the town who think he's this terrific character-

CHRIS
We should have been more patient. We spooked him good.

ANDY (shrugs)
So we lost the element of surprise.

Andy isn't doing a very good job of hiding his disappointment-

TOMMY
I asked Pete French to keep the pressure on the girlfriend. We papered the airports in the area-San Francisco, Sacramento- and from what we could tell he didn't own a car.

ANDY
Maybe he'll make a mistake. We got him on the run now- he needs money, a new place to live, new ID-

TOMMY
He may have had an emergency plan. Some cash stashed away-

CHRIS
I think he's more desperate. Feeling cornered.

ANDY
Sure. I mean what's he got- fifty states, couple zillion square miles to hide in?

They stare ahead as they ride the elevator, feeling defeated-

TOMMY

Yeah. We got him by the short ones,
all right.

The elevator doors open. Joe Pennisi is rushing by with a cell phone in hand, excited. He slams on the brakes as he sees Andy-

JOE

Andy! It's the Bureau guy from the Coast!

Andy grabs the phone-

ANDY

Rosensweig--

EXT. BENICIA - DAY

Pete French is in the phone booth in front of the antique store-

FRENCH

Yeah, I was telling your deputy, I leaned on the girlfriend some more and she caved in. Says she put him on the train in Martinez- that's the town just south of here- after he bought a ticket for New York----

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

They hurry into Andy's office and Joe hands Andy a desk phone already off the hook-

ANDY

Was he carrying anything with him?...

JOE

Amtrak security-

He speaks into the desk phone-

ANDY

Hello, this is Andy Rosenweig- look, I need you to trace a passenger. A Frank O'Grady-- Departed from Martinez, California at-
(into other phone)
When exactly did he leave?

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - BENICIA - DAY

French in the booth, checking a TRAIN SCHEDULE-

FRENCH

Departed July 24th, 8:12pm-

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy talks excitedly into the cell phone-

ANDY

That's right, P.M., heading for New York City---- Well, where would he connect? Chicago- could you check that for me?

He closes his eyes as he waits for the information-

ANDY (to himself)

Come on, Frankie, stay on the train. Come to poppa- Hello? Yeah--- He did? That's terrific-

(to

investigators)

He connected in Chicago, Frank O'Grady!

(into phone)

And when is that due to arrive in New York? A.M.?

He looks desperately up at the wall clock-

ANDY

Damn! Get all your people together, meet us on the platform! We'll be right over!

Andy tosses the phones aside and sprints out the door-

ANDY -

Let's go!

INT.. HALLWAY

Joe, Chris and Tommy run after Andy on the way to the elevator-

ANDY

3:41 train, Penn Station! That's ten minutes!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Andy's car SCREECHES away from the curb in front of the DA's office building-

INT. CAR

The others strap themselves in as Andy careens through traffic-

JOE
Andy, we don't have a siren on this-

ANDY
My first job in the city was driving
a cab. Who needs a siren?

SCREECHING BRAKES, HONKING HORNS, CURSING VOICES as he cuts
across traffic to make a turn. Andy grabs his car phone,
thrusts it at Joe-

ANDY
Here- send Rollins down to Koehler's
mother's apartment in case he slips
by us-

INT. PENN STATION

The men duck and dodge like punt-return experts as they
sprint through PASSENGERS and PERSONNEL on the main floor-

ANDY
Platform 23!

INT. STATION - PLATFORM

An Amtrak SECURITY CAPTAIN speaks with Andy, panting, on the
ARRIVAL PLATFORM-

SECURITY CAPTAIN
Company policy forbids stopping
trains short of the station-

ANDY
This guy is almost certain to be
carrying a gun!

SECURITY CAPTAIN
And we risk having a hostage
situation Can't do it.

Andy looks around at the layout-

ANDY'S POV

We PAN to see the long platform, the four ESCALATORS leading
from it, four more plainclothes SECURITY EMPLOYEES waiting
for instructions-

SECURITY CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Look, it's gonna be a couple minutes
late-

PLATFORM - MEN

SECURITY CAPTAIN
-which is very rare for us-

ANDY
The doors open only on this side of
the train?

SECURITY CAPTAIN
That's right.

Chris is passing computer printouts with Frankie's face on
them to the Security people-

CHRIS
Here's what we think he's going to
look like.

ANDY
Okay, I want two people on each of
those escalators, one on the bottom,
one on the top-

They all turn as the TRAIN HORN sounds up the tunnel-

JOE (to Security men)
Don't be too obvious-

ANDY
Assume the man is armed. If you take
him, take him fast and hard.

One of the Security Men grumbles to Tommy as they disperse-

SECURITY MAN
Guy's been on AMTRAK seventy-three
hours who knows what he'll do.

The others deploy as the TRAIN appears, rumbling down at the
far end of the platform. Chris turns to Tommy as they race
up an escalator-

CHRIS
I don't have a gun.

TOMMY
Shit starts flying, get behind
somebody big.

ANDY

Andy braces himself as the TRAIN SOUND grows LOUDER. He
bends to pull his gun from his ankle holster and slip it in
the pocket of his jacket. SKREEEEEEEEK! The train STOPS just
in front of him. A moment of stillness, then the TRACK
ANNOUNCER'S VOICE SQUAWKS and KA-CHOOONK! the DOORS fly OPEN!

OVERHEAD VIEW

DOZENS, then HUNDREDS of PASSENGERS swarm out onto the platform and start to move by Andy-

ANDY

Andy stands firm like a man waist-deep in a swift river, people flowing past on both sides. His eyes dart from person to person-

POV

We flick from person to person, holding a little longer on the older men. Could it be this one? Or this one? Or this one?

ANDY

Getting desperate. Most of the passengers are past him already. He turns to look-

POV - ESCALATORS

The ESCALATORS are packed with passengers, being transported away from him-

ANDY/INT. TRAIN

Andy, alone on the platform now, darts into the first car and we FOLLOW him from car to car, frantically moving down the narrow aisles, checking out the few STRAGGLERS still pulling luggage down or gathering their newspapers-

ESCALATOR

Chris stands at the top of an escalator, openly meeting the eye of every older man who rises up toward him. One MAN, wearing a gray baseball cap and gray sweatshirt, carrying a suitcase in one hand and partially covering his face with a handkerchief, won't look forward. Chris looks across to Tommy, who nods calmly-

INT. TRAIN

Andy yanks open a bathroom door. A young SALESMAN sits on the toilet, sleeping-

ANDY

Hey!

The young man wakes with a start-

SALESMAN

What's wrong?

ANDY

End of the line.

ESCALATOR - TOMMY, CHRIS

As the older man steps off the escalator, Tommmmy and Chris step in, each taking an arm. There is a look of disgust on the man's face, but he doesn't struggle-

INT. TRAIN

We FOLLOW Andy, desperate, as he steps OUT of the LAST CAR. The Security Captain is waiting for him, grinning-

SECURITY CAPTAIN

He's upstairs.

We WHIP PAN top the top of the escalator. Tommy finishes handcuffing the old man, turns to Andy and raises a triumphant fist in the air-

INT. AMTRAK OFFICE

Andy walks into the crowded Amtrak office, jubilant, slapping five with Tommy and Chris and Joe Pennisi-

ANDY

Hell of a job guys. Hell of a collar-

Tommy has Frankie's SUITCASE open on a desk. He indicates a PISTOL lying on top of the clothes-

TOMMY

Check this out. .380 semi, loaded with hollow-point bullets-

ANDY

That's our boy.

SECURITY CAPTAIN

He's back here.

Andy steps toward the little HOLDING CELL, forgetting-

SECURITY CAPTAIN

Uh- detective- your piece?

ANDY

Sorry.

Andy pulls his gun from his pocket and hands it to the Captain-

INT. HOLDING CELL

Andy steps into the cell. Frankie Koehler, a sturdy old man with scruffy gray hair, sits expressionless on the bench. Andy looks him over for a moment before speaking-

ANDY
You're Frank Koehler.

FRANKIE
It's been a while since anyone called me that. It feels kind of good.

ANDY
My name is Andy Rosensweig, and I've been thinking about you for quite a long time.

FRANKIE
Yeah?

ANDY
Yeah. You're under arrest for the murder of Richie Glennon and Pete McGinn. I want to advise you of your rights-

FRANKIE
I know my rights. Don't bother.

ANDY
I want to advise you. Everybody has to be advised of his rights.

FRANKIE
What can I tell ya? If you got witnesses, I'm fucked.

ANDY
We've got witnesses.

FRANKIE (shrugs)
Then I'm fucked.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Andy drives. Frankie sits beside him, handcuffed, while Tommy and Chris sit in the rear-

FRANKIE
I saw you guys, every one of you, on the platform. I thought of taking a few of you out, then doing this-

He raises his hands to point a finger to his head, mimes pulling a trigger-

FRANKIE
But I figured, 'Aw, what's the point now?' I'm old. You guys probly have families. So maybe I got a little religion. I met some nice people on the train.

Andy and Chris exchange a look in the rear-view mirror-

INT. D.A. OFFICE, BOOKING AREA

We see Frankie's FINGERS pressed onto a BLOTTER, then laid in squares to receive his fingerprints-

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Frankie sits at a large table, handcuffs off now. Andy and Steve Saracco sit across from him while a TECHNICIAN sets up a VIDEO CAMERA-

ANDY

So what brings you to New York?

FRANKIE

I still got a few connections here. Sums of money are owed to me. Get a new haircut, get a new look, then I call up the columnist there, Breslin- he still alive?

SARACCO

He's still here. Writes for Newsday.

FRANKIE

Whatever. I tell him to write in his column that Frankie Koehler will whack one cop every day until the FBI promises to stay away from my family. And I would've done it. It'd be easy.

Andy and Steve exchange a look-

ANDY

But we've got you now, Frank. Why don't you give it up? Try to help yourself a little.

FRANKIE

You got any juice with the Feds?

ANDY

I'm the one who called them in on it.

FRANKIE

Can you get them to lay off my wife and family?

ANDY

I can do that.

FRANKIE

We have an understanding?

ANDY
Nobody bothers your family.

Frankie slaps the table, spreads his arms-

FRANKIE
Whatta you want to know?

Andy looks to the Technician who turns on the camera and nods that he's ready-

ANDY
Tell me about the homicides.

Frank assumes an air of unrepentant toughness and pride, sitting back in his chair-

FRANKIE
I gotta tell you- if Glennon had kept his fucking mouth shut it might of gone different. McGinn, I didn't give a fuck whether he lived or died. But Glennon- he was a scumbag. He was an annoyance- a piece of shit. I didn't like the guy---- I'm trying to explain it as best I can. Glennon I wanted fucking dead.

INT. STEVE SARACCO'S OFFICE - DAY - VIDEO

We start on a CU of Frankie's face on a VIDEO SCREEN, continuing with his confession-

FRANKIE (video)
I cocked the gun, got up, hit him in the gut. I says to him, 'Does that hurt?' He don't answer me. I hit him twice more in the chest. He went down. I'm pounding him now. He's a dead man. I aint worried about him. I aint worried about nothin. I'm pissed. And he's gonna die. And he died.

He ponders a moment-

FRANKIE (video)
McGinn- if he'd of sat still, he would've been okay. But he gets up and he's all 'What did you do? What did you do?' which makes me a little angry again and he raises up his hands so I said "You aint gonna make it," and I whacked him. I shot him in the belly. He went down. Now I'm pissed off, I was very angry.
(more)

FRANKIE

'So you thought this was a fucking joke, you scumbag?' And I hit him twice in the back.

SARACCO (O.S., video)

When he's down?

FRANKIE (video)

Yeah. I think I heard this moan-like when you're just about to check out, you know? Then I turn to Glennon and I drop two more into the bum and I'm on my way out when the girl comes in. What am I gonna do? I'm not mad at her. I don't shoot people for nothin. But McGinn and Glennon- where I come from, you really don't like someone and they're scumbags, you shoot em. It's no mystery.

The IMAGE FREEZES, Frankie scowling at the camera-

ANDY (O.S.)

And they say people mellow with age.

ROOM

Andy and Steve Saracco contemplate Frankie's face on the monitor-

SARACCO

Yeah.

ANDY

A real period piece. Classic West Side bad guy- and you got him on tape.

SARACCO

It's gonna be dicey going for the max.

ANDY

What are you talking about? You've got it right here-

SARACCO

This is the oldest crime we've ever brought indictment for-

ANDY

It's open and shut-

SARACCO

Nothing's open and shut, you know that.

He lifts a T-shirt from his desk- 'FREE NEW YORK FRANKIE' is printed over a smiling picture of Frankie-

SARACCO
Best-selling item from Benicia,
California.

ANDY
So what?

SARACCO
So if we go for Murder One, he gets
himself a good lawyer- 'upstanding
citizen for so many years, truly
repentant, failing health, blah blah
blah'- it could backfire. And he
walks.

Steve holds Andy's eyes to be sure it sinks in-

SARACCO
Walks.

EXT. RIVER OVERLOOK - DAY

Andy and Ellen sit on a bench overlooking the Hudson. Ellen
has been crying-

ELLEN
And if there's a trial, I have to
come in and testify?

ANDY
You're the only living witness.

She shakes her head-

ANDY
Could you do that?

ELLEN
This whole thing- reopening the case-
I hope it wasn't for my sake.

ANDY
Well- there's no statute of
limitations on murder-

ELLEN
I've worked really hard to get myself
back together after-- This doesn't
do me any good.

ANDY
I'm sorry you feel that way.

A silence. She looks out over the water-

ELLEN

Things happen, you try to leave them in the past, right? You've got to move on with your life.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

We are at Andy's racket. Investigators, ADA's, retired and active cops mingle as the BAND PLAYS a 50's ballad-

ANDY

Andy is surrounded by well-wishers-

ANDY

You keep an eye on this bunch for me, Tommy. Don't let em fall apart.

TOMMY

Hey, we'll survive.

JOE

You ever get a name for that store?

ANDY

We were gonna have a cafe section and call it Food for Thought but then we realized neither of us can cook.

CHRIS

Sir?

Chris has come up, a bit drunk again, offering his hand-

ANDY (shakes)

So you got one under your belt, kid. How's it feel?

CHRIS

I saw the confession tape.

ANDY

A real piece of work, isn't he?

CHRIS

We spent all this time learning about him, like he's somebody important. When really he's just-

Confused, words fail him. Andy understands the letdown-

ANDY

Yeah.

CHRIS

It's been an honor working with you.

ANDY
Same here, kid. You're gonna be a
good investigator.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NEWPORT, R.I. - DAY

The bookstore has been open a few months. Andy is stooped behind the counter to the side, angrily slicing open boxes of books with a matte knife-

ANDY
Thirteen years max. He got more time
for the gun possession than for the
murders!

Mary steps down from the rear loft section-

MARY
He's an old man. He'll die in jail.

ANDY
I wouldn't bet on it. All that
effort, the time we put in- they hand
him a deal.

MARY
Not the first time that's happened
with one of your arrests.

ANDY
It was just my own ego trip, anyway-

MARY
Oh come on-

ANDY
I'm gonna resolve this thing, right?
Justice, whatever- all I've done is
stir up a lot of people's lives who
wanted to be left alone.

He postions another heavy box-

MARY
You should have gone to the
sentencing.

ANDY
No- when you're out, you're out.
Make a clean break.

He rips into the box with the knife-

FRONT OF STORE

A woman in her early 30's, KAREN MCGINN-HAGEN, steps into the shop, looking around. She seems very anxious-

MARY
Can I help you?

KAREN
Does uhm- Detective Rosensweig work here?

MARY
He does, but he's not a detective-

KAREN
Could I speak with him? It's, uhm- personal-

MARY (calls)
Andy?

Mary climbs back up into the loft, shooting a curious look back at Karen. Andy steps out from behind the counter-

ANDY
What can I do for you?

KAREN
I'm Karen McGinn-Hagen. Peter McGinn's daughter?

ANDY
Oh. Hi-

He trades a look with Mary up in the loft-

KAREN
You were involved in a case-

ANDY
McGinn-Glennon.

KAREN
I was only six when my father was killed but I remember- I remember him not being there.

ANDY
I'm sorry-

KAREN
That man- Frank Koehler--

ANDY
Yeah.

KAREN (still angry)
He owes us. For every hug we didn't get, every day we didn't have with our father. He deserves to be punished for every minute he lives that my father didn't.

ANDY
Well- we caught him. It took us a
bit longer than it should have, but
we caught him.

KAREN
I wanted to thank you.

ANDY (shrugs)
My job-

KAREN
I'd like to hear more about it, if
you don't mind-

Andy indicates the chairs set up by the front window-

ANDY
Have a seat.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

We see Andy and Karen through the front window, sitting,
beginning to talk. We CRANE BACK and UP to reveal the small
BOOKSTORE on a commercial street. The SIGN overhead reads
BOOK EM-

END CREDITS ROLL